

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 25, 1976

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Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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# Where discipline becomes art

Alex Colville is the antithesis of the wild-haired, rumpled, pot-smoking "artist" stereotype. He is neat, organized, articulate, with a silver-blond crew cut and wise, compassionate blue eyes. He has the hands of a surgeon, strong and beautiful, with movements that are precise and confident. His exceptional intellectual and moral rigor leads him as far as uncommon distinction. Forty years ago this fall Colville embarked on a career that has made him the acknowledged dean of Canadian painters and his achievement is being celebrated in a retrospective exhibition at the Mira Godard Gallery in Toronto (most of this month) and Montreal (through October). It includes almost everything he has done in the last decade: some 25 major paintings, 55 drawings and 10 oil-on-canvas prints.

David Alexander Colville was born in Toronto in 1928 and his family moved to Agincourt, Nova Scotia, when he was three. He graduated from Mount Allison



A typically reflective Colville, one of this year's works called "Dog and Pheasant" and the famous "Horse and Train" celebrating the dean's 40th anniversary

University with a degree in fine arts in 1944, then joined the army where he was commissioned a war artist in 1944. Colville worked in conditions as hideous they might have maimed a man who lacked his inner toughness. He spent those days in the ditch camp at Belton in April, 1945, making drawings of the unspeakably atrocious Nazi murder machine. He does not willingly talk about

this beyond offering the quiet observation that it is sometimes necessary to develop "calluses on the nerve ends."

After the war Colville took a job teaching art at Mount Allison, immersing himself in literature to educate himself "so to try to think the unthinkable," is close to terms with his dreadful war experience. "I was always trying to find meaning in human experience," he says, "and in this, literature fulfills an important function: the concept you get from literature can be translated into visual terms."

Consequently, literature has provided



"Snow" (1988): a very careful achievement

the inspiration for some of his best-known paintings. *Horse and Train* (1984) was his most sinister picture, was triggered by two lines from a poem by the South African, Ray Campbell. Against its pigment I oppose a brain/and a dark horse against an error-

room." He rarely paints more than three pictures a year and maintains that "although my paintings tend to impress people, being the result of amazing skill, they are really the result of a very persistent kind of passing away at things." Robert de Santana

warred brain. At other times his images arise unbidden from the unconscious. "When I get an idea for a painting or a piece, I don't know where it comes from or why it comes to me at this time. It's not a rational thing. It's not as if I were doing a quantitative explanation, it's a completely dark and inexplicable sort of thing."

Recognition was slow in coming for Colville, but by the early 1960s his paintings were being sought by collectors and galleries around the world. Financial security enabled him to give up teaching and paint full-time. Five years ago he moved to Wolfville, N.S., where he lives with his wife Rhonda in a stereo lease with a surprisingly clean three-floor studio. At 58, the very fit, youthful-looking Colville spends his leisure hours skiing, canoeing and cycling.

Paine has not turned his head. He speaks of himself as "a primitive painter," and insists that his painting technique is "classical and laborious." He rarely paints more than three pictures a year and maintains that "although my paintings tend to impress people, being the result of amazing skill, they are really the result of a very persistent kind of passing away at things." Robert de Santana

## Take 60 with Mr. Nice

For some reason he could never quite figure out, his psychiatrist always called him Mr. Nice. It was a strangely formal approach to take with a man as distinctly informal as Paul Soles, but that did not, in the end, prevent the doctor from getting to the heart of the matter and posing what Soles now considers, five years later, to be a pivotal question in his life. "Was it ever answered to you, Mr. Soles, that you were not the archetypal Lawrence Oliver?" At a moment of fact, it hadn't. "Or to put it another way," confirms Soles, "I was not being realistic."

Maybe after more than 30 years in

Canadian show business, through incarnations as disparate as the soothing interviewer (for the last 34 years) as the afternoon television show *Take 60*, the resident, petty criminal on a comedy panel show *This Is the Line*, the voice of Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, and several serious roles in theatrical productions, appear's grip on reality would be a little tenuous. But when the realization came that he was not another Lawrence Oliver? It was less a disappointment than a relief. Paul Soles, from September 18 host of *Take 60*'s new late-night talk show *Canada After Dark*, is a more relaxed man. After a



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Soler after dark: relaxed and replete, he's ready now for the big spotlight

mid-life crisis as predictable as Gail Sheehy's next \$100,000 advance. Soler says he has stopped worrying about who he might have been and started having fun with who he is.

The invitation to host *Canada After Dark* could not have come at a better time for Soler who, at age 46 and with a wealth of experience behind him, regards it as a chance to "pull it all together." The show—taped in Tor-

(CAN'T) producer Robert Ennis does not like to talk about the old program. The sometimes awkward host Peter Gouws struggled through two seasons without final approval from critics or public before he resigned. The show was known for being boring, Gouws for being, however much a nice guy, not the man to spark the witty repartee so necessary to carry a talk show.

Soler, too, knows what it is like to be dummied as a nice guy, although he does his best to dispel that impression, smiling darkly. "Some of the most vicious men in history have come across as nice guys." He has a red-fingered face and a gentle humor with just enough bitterness peeking out around the edges to let you know it's been a long road to the big spotlight.

Despite his years at the top, the Paul Soler Era at the network's central library is stuffed more with press releases than actual newsclippings covering his career, which began in London when he left the University of Western Ontario in 1965 to become a radio announcer. Why has he been overlooked? "Isn't that just the great Canadian question?" Toronto has sister Rob-Soler, a story editor at TV's *Canada AM*.

A friend describes the Toronto family that Soler grew up in as "wonderfully creepy—you go there for dinner and everybody's yelling at each other, with food flying everywhere." Out of this delirium emerged a man of whom not producer Ross McLean once said, "In an industry where charm is scarce, Soler is uncomfortably over-endowed." Soler protests to take that as a compliment. He doesn't even mind being viewed as a bit of a Polynesian rushing out to make the world a little happier—once he offered to man the PA system on the Toronto subway to throw out cheerful greetings to grumpy passengers. He was turned down. "Now that doesn't mean I'm a stinking fool," he says defensively.

Although he won't admit it, Soler is a man who still broods, but he has found, in his private life, successful ways to lose himself, notably flying his Fleet French vintage aircraft and spending time with his 16-year-old son, Jonathan. His wife left him six years ago. "It was the first broken chain in the link," he says. "I couldn't understand why things got out of control." Today, he concentrates on keeping his expectations realistically lowered. Sometimes he'll tip up: "If *Canada After Dark* turns out to be the most important show in the country, then I'll be very happy."

Judith Timonen

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## The hapless bison isn't extinct, yet

Africa is a conspiracy. The violent antelope disease is earned by apes that can be blamed in the end for pain, torment. During the breeding season, dangerous virus each spring is the worst we know. But it's also the weather worse and the fire came out that built a herd to twelve, putting them into a period almost with the disease-bearing apes.

Inoculations have made the disease rare among sheep and cattle now, but the world's largest buffalo herd, in and around Wood Buffalo National Park in the Alberta-Northwest Territories border, was hit five times between 1962 and 1971. When any virus broke out again this year and park officials started taking three or four bodies a day, it looked like the beginning of a terrible epidemic. "But we were lucky," says Research Supervisor Bruce Stephenson, reported happily this month. With the outbreak judged to have passed, the first lot was 77 dead—much less than a blow to the herd of some 6,000 that had been feared. What does that mean for next year? With Africa, says Stephenson, there's no way to tell.



## The latest score: Jays 1, Karen Kain 0

Flotsam, Dave, and Mort wrap up the sports news, the weather news and the news news. We'll be right back with Round Number, reporting on the arts scene.

An imaginary newscast... so far. But there are many who believe that since the CBC gives special consideration to sports in its radio and TV newscasts, it should be doing the same for the arts. After all, more Canadians attend concerts, dance, theatre, galleries and the whole gamut of arts functions than all the sporting events combined. Normally the CBC could answer this criticism with a "thanks for your interest" letter, but Alex Ungerhart, a sometimes criticologist from Toronto, Nova Scotia, and board member of a group called Visual Arts Nova Scotia (VANS), is forcing the Corp. to answer for its position. He has submitted a brief outlining his concerns to the corp, which begins its review of the CBC's license to broadcast on Oct. 3. As a result, the news people are going to have to explain why film clips of hockey players are so critically more newsworthy than a report on a symphony rehearsal.

## Flotsam meets jetsam

Ever since the Soviet Cosmos 954 satellite plowed into the Northwest Territory last January, leaving a trail of radioactive fragments in the vicinity of Great Slave Lake, Canadians have been keeping a wary eye out for other space junk they'd planned to let rot. One particular hazard happens to be the biggest thing there is out there, the 100-ton American Skylab which, unless its orbit can be corrected, should come crashing to earth some time next year. The Americans know this, of course, and all along have held a plan for avoiding a calamitous

Skylab crash. The Space Shuttle would be sent to the rescue. On one of its first flights, commencing next March, the shuttle—the first spacecraft designed to glide back to earth for use over and over again—would carry with it a device to be attached to Skylab which would permit control over the monster satellite's movements. Skylab would be boosted into a safer orbit or headed in its earthward course to crash harmlessly in an uninhabited area—as a safer case, problem solved.

Trouble is the magnificent shuttle isn't going up in March after all. News from the Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Alabama, is

not reassuring for what or whenever may be at the end of Skylab's present descent path. "We're running into all kinds of development problems," reports one senior official. "But what else did you expect? This is one of the greatest projects ever to be built. It was bound to develop a few glitches at this stage. Enough glitches, it felt, to put the original tests more than six months behind schedule, so the first orbital flight for the shuttle now is set back at least until November, 1979."

The shuttle crew is still concerned it's working with a high-quality machine and as one source puts it: "The basic design is a good one. We put this thing moving at the right speed before long."

no maintenance. With luck, Skylab will work.

William Lowther



## Ferry godfather hangs up his cap

At his 59 years at the helm of a Halifax-Dorchester ferry, Captain Cyril Ungarhart makes his farewell across the harbor \$62,820 richer. This month, at 65, Ungarhart retired to his Dorchester home, not far from the ferry docks. After nearly four decades of ferry sea



Ungarhart: \$62,820 richer is enough

air and the muffled throb of the engines, does he reach back into a treasure chest of golden memories of life in the wheelhouse? "It can get monotonous as old hell," he says. "Back and forth, back and forth."

But it wasn't all routine, Ungarhart admits. For instance there were the six babies born on board, and the suicides of years ago (the disconsolate moved to the Angus L. MacDonagh bridge when it went up across Halifax Harbour in 1965). "I had a man walk right off the stern one night," the captain recalls. "I made a run for him but I was too late. There were a lot of others we'll never know about."

The bridge took a lot of traffic from the ferries, "but now it's coming back bigger than ever," says Ungarhart. Though the two ex-ferries Halifax II and Dorchester II will follow him into retirement in a few months, they'll be replaced by new boats for pedestrians, carrying on a ferry service that began in 1762.

David Thomas



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- 1978 Russ Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1979 Willie Barnes, Calgary
- 1980 Tom Wilkinson, Edmonton
- 1981 George McGee, Edmonton
- 1982 Garney Mesley, Hamilton
- 1983 Don Lewis, Winnipeg
- 1984 Russ Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1986 Ed Symons, Toronto
- 1987 Peter Lougheed, Calgary
- 1988 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1989 George Koo, Saskatchewan
- 1990 Lowell Coleman, Calgary
- 1991 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1992 George Dixon, Montreal
- 1993 Jerome Falardeau, Hamilton
- 1994 Jackie Parke, Edmonton
- 1995 Johnny Wright, Edmonton
- 1996 Jackie Parke, Edmonton
- 1997 Jackie Parke, Edmonton
- 1998 Hal Patterson, Montreal
- 1999 Pat Abraham, Montreal
- 2000 Sam Elcheverry, Montreal
- 2001 Billy Vessella, Edmonton

## MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1973 Ray Hartley, B.C.
- 1974 John Hutton, Calgary
- 1975 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1976 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1977 John LaCourse, Edmonton
- 1978 Ken Lehtonen, Ottawa
- 1979 Ed McGahey, Saskatchewan
- 1980 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1981 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1982 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1983 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1984 John Hutton, Hamilton
- 1985 Frank Smyer, Winnipeg
- 1986 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
- 1987 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
- 1988 Don Lewis, Calgary
- 1989 Ken Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1990 Ken Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1991 Ted Goshier, Montreal



## MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1978 Don Tycher, Montreal
- 1979 Charlie Tanner, Edmonton
- 1980 Ed George, Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1977 Don Ripley, Edmonton
- 1978 Bob Bates, B.C.
- 1979 Ben Corns, Toronto
- 1980 John Hobbs, Calgary

## MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1977 Leon Blythe, B.C.
- 1978 John Scorta, B.C.
- 1979 Tom Clement, Ottawa
- 1980 Sam Crismanich, Toronto
- 1981 Jerome Rodgers, Montreal
- 1982 Chuck Eiler, Hamilton

## MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1978 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
- 1979 Ben Foy, Ottawa
- 1980 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1981 Gary Ogden, Ottawa
- 1982 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1983 Terry O'Connell, Montreal
- 1984 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1986 Ken Nelson, Winnipeg
- 1987 Terry O'Connell, Calgary
- 1988 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1989 Gene Korte, Hamilton
- 1990 Tommy Gahan, Hamilton
- 1991 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1992 Harvey White, Calgary
- 1993 Tony Papadimitrakis, Calgary
- 1994 Ron Stewart, Ottawa
- 1995 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1996 Ken Howard, Hamilton
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STEVIE WONDER



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The mine owners, Balmor Resources Ltd. of Calgary, are happy to have mining french-fries and the project has been approved. It's been about 10 years since the vast of gold mine as a problem. You can't just pour them into water.

## Crime and blandishment

Working conditions in Canada? Well, better than in France. says French film director Claude Chabrol to the weekly *Parade*, adding that among the Canadian actors and crew he has taken a shine to lately, the team spirit was "so obvious that it touched me." So obvious, in fact, that after Chabrol shot his currently released thriller, *Blood Belongs* (with Donald Sutherland, Donald Pleasance, David Hemmings and Canadian actress Lisa Langlois) in Montreal, the director promptly imported Langlois and a dozen other Canadians to France to work on his next film, *Violence Noire*. The film's star, Isabelle Huppert, went on to share the Best Actress Award at Cannes with Jill Clayburgh and *Violence Noire* received a success at the French box-office, but Chabrol's pre-Canadian remarks did not elicit any warm words from the French.

In a bitter rebuke settled *Mordre* Chabrol (poetically rendered as "accr-

the last prop man I've ever known." Well, blame New York. The controversy began innocently enough with Chabrol's search for a location for *Blood Belongs* that would be "like New York—but not New York." The 65-year-old director, who has been responsible for some of the screen's most sardonic, blood-dripping thrillers (*Le Bonheur*, *Le Fugitif*), explained that "the thought of working in New York terrified me. I was sure I would be nagged." Really wary of crossing the language barrier after two disastrous attempts to make movies in English, the obvious answer was Montreal. "The most American French-speaking town I know."

Back home, the critics are coming around. Chabrol insists, but more than anything else, the controversy serves to underline the current fragility of the French film industry—once considered a sort of cinematic utopia—which has now lost so much blood that one director, asked to comment on it, put it this



Langlois (left) and Huppert in *Violence Noire*, made in France, by Claude Chabrol.

ment on Chabrol's), Paris cinematographer Guy Chabrol's support the director for failing to assist his compatriots, pointing out that 80 per cent of French film technicians were already out of work. "It is true, then," Huppert read correctly. "Do you want the world of cinematography to disappear?"

"They were furious," marvels Chabrol, accustomed as he is to his own world in France-Canadian thrillers. "But it's true, the Canadians were very enthusiastic. In France, we're a little jaded in the cinema world. And in Montreal, I found Norman Belloc,

way "What French film industry?" Despite the feelings his director may arouse in France, Chabrol has stated his next two scripts for North American locations. One of them, a suspense saga called *Nightlife*, is due to arrive between Toronto and Vancouver sometime in the coming year. "I'd prefer to work in France," he says, "but you have very good crimes in Canada—much better than we do here."

Maureen McDonald



## It's been nice—too nice

I think Barbara Amiel is mistaken when she says in her column that Canadian artists have insufficient National Grants to generate creativity. These Foreigners Ought to Thank Gaffer Holgren. Then Saffier for Their Art (August 22). I think the treatment of the Indians and the Metis throughout Canadian history, along with the treatment of the Japa-

nese during the Second World War have provided plenty of material for feelings of guilt. The problem with Canadian creativity lies in what I feel to be almost a national religion, before anything else Canadians must always be nice. The same way Americans are thought of as loud, and the French as great lovers, Canadians are thought of as nice. I think greater creative strides will be made when Canadians realize that life

everywhere else, they have not always been nice, but have quite often been interesting, which is much more important.

GERYNA RENT THOMAS

## Don't rain on our parade

I feel your article in the Commonwealth Games, *It's All in the Games* (July 24), made Edmonton look like a cheap, impoverished back town instead of priding it for producing such good facilities without all the glitz and garbage that was evident in the '76 Olympics. In Edmonton, people are proud of the use made of existing facilities and the fact that the planning went so well. Furthermore, I got five months of long, tedious, tiring practice into the opening ceremonies, which Ray MacGregor calls "gaudy." I resent some and everybody's hard work being put down.

LESLIE HENRY BY ALBERT ALTA

## Sis-boom-boom

Three cheers for Judith Timmer's article, *Roar for Glory* (August 22), on the recent growth of the bums and grins in the Canadian Football League. I have watched the phenomenon with growing dismay. As a reasonably attractive woman in a professional career still heavily discredited by men I am constantly struggling to be accepted as an equal, not only as an attractive woman I like to think I'm helping other women by changing the attitudes of some of the men I meet through work. This makes my struggle well worth while. But women like these cheerleaders, who seem to believe that the pinnacle of success is to have their bodies lacerated at by hundreds of football fans, make me wonder whether women's biggest barrier to the equality issue is not the male of the species but themselves.

DEBRA D. PETER CALGARY

It saddened me to see that football clubs are promoting the use of women in the way described in your article on cheerleading. The women converted enjoy displaying their sexuality in public, and the men in the stands enjoy the show. The men are aroused in a sexual way and can indulge these sensuousness, while the women involved thrive on the feelings of power that come from knowing the audience is captivated by them.

L. H. GUYTON WINDSOR

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## Leva's labor leased

Your article about the legal status of unmarried couples, *The Lady's Not for Burning*, ... Or Is She? (August 21), has confirmed my long-harbored suspicion that the women's liberation movement has spread a plague of nervous instead of the independence and self-sufficiency often touted as its goals. Whatever happened to the poor old "meaningful relationship?" we need to hear so much about? It appears to be reduced to a mere convenient arrangement, which seems to run along the lines of, "If you do the laundry, you get to keep the car, even when we split up." Before today's women, entirely steeped in the self-empowering male, or at least face him into looking, they would do well to consider another non-traditional phenomenon. It used to be called love. God only knows what it means now.

ELIZABETH A. GREEN 7080370

## Too short a shift

I found Lawrence O'Toole's review of Bruce Cockburn's new album in *For the Record* (August 21) to be particularly offensive. To try to sum up in two or three sentences an album such as this is absurd and unfair to the musician who obviously put so much time and effort to produce it. I know many people who do not love Cockburn as I do but none would deny that he is a brilliant guitarist and, at least, an interesting lyricist.

JOAN BOSTON 7080370

## It's the real thing

It was encouraging to read that our travel experts have finally devised an alternative to the monotony of flying, namely the via passenger train, described in your article, *Back on the Tracks* (August 13). Train travel is one of the most enjoyable ways of seeing Canada's own spaces. A good example is the southern train line along the Lake Superior route which meanders through the world's biggest Christmas tree lot and gets you from Toronto to Winnipeg in about 50 hours. (At some airports you may wait almost that long for your luggage.) People wave as you pass the small towns and you can spot a circumbled leaping from a cliffside cottage. I can only hope that the rail service will stay at the appreciative level of Canadian Pacific's The Canadian where a waiter once told me, "For dessert we got CPR pie—apple or cherry."

VINCENT GILLER, TORONTO

## Our Ms Hill didn't want to just carry Giorgio Armani.

So she opened a whole new shop across from her own to house his fabulous fashion. "Someone would do it," said Catherine. "It might as well be me. Then, at least, I'm my own competition."

It seems that Armani's collection was impossible to edit. "I wanted everything," says Ms. Hill, "and I had no room for it. Now I can carry the works." Giorgio's designs are casual, comfortable and contemporary. The perfect look for women who have "casual chic."

Today then, Catherine introduces to Toronto the first Armani Shop outside Italy. CherCher, Catherine's new shop in Bloorcourt Lane is the heart of Yorkville. And welcome Giorgio!



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## Preview

## Coming to you live from beautiful downtown Canada

A side from a close encounter between Strauss and A-10s in 1991, *A Space Odyssey*, the relationship between classical music and space technology is somewhat strained. But CBC Radio will reunite the two, Sunday, Oct. 1, in the first live stereo broadcast to nine European countries via a 100-foot antenna at Mill Village, Nova Scotia. That'll be Canada's bit for International Music Day and, of course, Canadians and Americans are invited to listen in. This transmission business is all very complicated, but suffice it to say that singer Maurice Forrester's voice and the music of the National Arts Centre Orchestra, with Mario Bernardi conducting, will be beamed by satellite from Ottawa to Frankfurt, West Germany, in a fraction of a second. And no...Mahler will not be done on a moon, not yet.

## Happiness is just a girl named Judith

To promote Judith, Edmontonian Aritha van Herk's winner of this year's Seal Books First Novel Award, publisher McClelland and Stewart has come up with a name game. The Judiths of the world have been invited to write in and ask for one of 3,000 free autographed copies of the book for Oct. 1. Odds,

"the Canadian publishers" didn't ask for proof that the respondents were so named, but the letter writers have ignored the oversight and are documenting their right to a freebie. Mac has received telephone bills, birth certificates, wedding pictures, baptismal papers, even driver's licenses. But surely Jack McClelland should spring for a leather-bound, gold-tooled edition for the woman who wrote saying that her husband is sterile, but if they could have a child, they would name it...p.p.s., you guessed it.

## Slow and steady may win this arms race

It looks like an airborne armadillo. The Pentagon orders it as a "tank killer" and the United States Air Force in Europe is banking on it to keep things quiet on NATO's eastern front. It's the A-10. It is armor-plated, slow and flies low. When a flock of these sturdy birds arrives in Europe next year, it's guaranteed to have the capability to destroy more Soviet tanks than any other aircraft. Designed in response to the 16,000 Soviet tanks threatening Western Europe (NATO has a mere 4,500) the A-10 comes equipped with a seven-barrel cannon, which, according to a Pentagon spokesman, fires "depleted uranium shells that make a heckuva armor-piercing like a crusher." It also carries eight tons of armaments, including Maverick missiles for close support of ground troops, and should its tail or one of its two engines be obliterated, the A-10 can still attack or lumber back to base. Even so, the wonder plane is not indestructible. Warsaw's weapons expert with Washington's Brookings Institute, "Before the Pentagon goes absolutely wild about the A-10, they should remember it can be brought down by missiles." Even an armadillo has its Achilles' heel.



## News

### Cover Story 42

Behind all that phony tinsel  
are some equally phony dealings

Judging by their response at the box office, Canadians don't seem to give a damn much whether or not movies are made in their country. Not all Canadians of course, the folks who make the films, their producers through stars (see we do have them) to grips and others are more than a little worried what the latest federal bill-crunching will do to the industry. Then there are the investors who have taken a not too big bite out of a number of Canadian films; this public will never be allowed to see, even if it wanted to. As the industry is highlighted this week by the Toronto film festival and by the Canadian film awards, *Maclean's* goes behind the scenes.



**Canadian News** ..... 14  
Long gone out on a limb again: Chiller's very uneasy anniversary, the real doubt at home moved into the Olympic details, the Montreal and their dirty jobs, dangerous water & P-1: the fact all Quebec gets a look at their own art, Jeanne Bouffard's liberal leader, make no friends with the Tories. New Brunswick goes to the polls.

**World News** ..... 24  
The world continues to swing Camp David. So much trouble on the Nicaragua episode in the streets, Cambodia, India and in Canada in a second round, protest letters in the Canadian Republic, new light on Japanese spy ring, Democrats are happier after congressional triumph, Spain's border makes it a Cato, Rhodesia's school is a model for the world.

**Business** ..... 34  
New breed at Metrop-Ferguson, America's new competition, Synovate starts up, out of the northwest.

**Sport** ..... 28  
Muhammad Ali makes ring history, the Toronto Argonauts' winning streak continues to spin.



At we'll end, Trudeau joined Joe Clark and New Democrat Ed Broadbent out on the stump in the by-elections. His first stop was Toronto where Trudeau is the main road in John G. Diefenbaker battle against Conservative candidate David Crombie. In Ottawa Centre, another key race to watch, former minister Bryce Mackay is seeking the Liberal nomination to oppose ex-*Robert de* Corbet, and one of his senior workmen considers that Mackay's biggest hurdle is that he is a "Trudeau Liberal." Kern in Westmount, a safe Liberal seat, lawyer Don Johnston, who it appeared

Lang, who took the unusual course of publicly advocating policy yet to go before cabinet, appeared to be immediately undercut by Prime Minister

Children are drawn into after-school

While the provincial governments and the maddled world economy must shoulder some of the blame, Chrétien can scarcely avoid responsibility. Strongest criticism of his performance comes, not surprisingly, from the opposition parties. Says Tory finance critic Sinclair Stevens: "I've had three finance ministers to deal with—Tarnop, Mulroney and Chrétien. Of the three, Chrétien is by far the weakest. I think he's completely wasted."

But I don't mean telling criticisms of Christians to date has come from a series of newsletters co-written by John Turner, who left the Kansas portfolio in 1978 to strike it rich on Bay Street. In 1980, Turner, who declined the post, co-edited a newsletter called "The Conservatives and the Leftist Press." Turner refers to Christian's habit of looking on the bright side of the economy and skipping flight at the end of the tunnel. Wrote Turner: "The socialist's optimism . . . is leading him with a great flourish into the arms of the enemy." Turner also suggests Christian wants out of Kansas and into the cushy external affairs portfolio. Responds a miffed Christian: "Turner knows damn well my personal ambition is to be in charge of external affairs."

I want to stay here. I have no intention of getting off at all."

But Christen's friends say he did consider quitting during the sales-tax controversy. Christen himself denies he ever gave it serious consideration, but admits he was "depressed" at the time. Known as a steady dealer in the stuffy world of politics, Christen felt doubting his own position was "uncharacteristic," says Jeanne Parsona, who did not object to the sales-tax scheme in private discussions before it was announced, then dropped all over it. Christen was also hurt by the failure of some of his colleagues in cabinet and in the Liberal caucus to support him while the sales-tax debate raged. When they saw the risk, they backed out, he says. "But I was convinced that the only way was to hang in there. It took much longer than I expected. It was much



**B**arkas is in Saskatchewan, Otto Lang, three-pronged monster responsible for justice, transport and wheel, has been fervently soliciting political allies—two former aides and a brother-in-law—as candidates in the next election. But the clan has been scorched by opposition, raging like a Prairie brush fire, as the Labour-sponsored abolition of capital punishment in 1976. For the past five months Lang and friends have been hatching a plan to neutralize the same and last week, sufficient though he is, Lang went public with a proposal for a national referendum on hanging.

The references idea, already sug-



# Macleans

**CANADA'S BATTERED DOLLAR**  
 Why it drops in 55¢



When Maclean's did this cover back in February, 1977, some people laughed at the question, but he was right!

terran problems and objectives for the economy, but failed utterly as the politicians juggled over such short-term matters as hydro projects and a "Buy Canada" campaign. A finance department document setting out goals for the Canadian economy three-to-five years down the road was dismissed as unrealistic by the provinces, and was quickly dropped by Ottawa. Then, in April, the sinister dispute with Quebec dealt a severe blow to the credibility of finance in general and Chrétien in particular. When Trudeau went on national television Aug. 1 to announce a new set of economic priorities, he was selling as the adviser of his own office. The finance department and Chrétien had been evasive.

Most of what followed the TV address was orchestrated by Trudeau's office and the package that unfolded reflected some ideas that the finance department had been fought against, such as the

Toronto columnist Taylor Lewanda found a way to level the travel strike, but the kind of sagacity can't take on a trend

more controversy than I expected. But now that the issue has subsided he feels vindicated and the bounce has returned to his step.

Chrétien also denies a suggestion in another Toronto newspaper that he and the finance department have lost some of their power and prestige to Trudeau's own economic advisers as a result of the sales tax dispute. There are already debates inside government over the best economic policies to follow, says Chrétien, but "we're doing pretty well where we want."

Tension between the finance department and the prime minister's personal advisers is nothing new. After the 1974 election, for example, Trudeau assembled his own panel of economists to provide a counterweight to the advice he was getting from finance. It was abandoned when Tarrow complained that, when Mulroney was finance minister, the department and Trudeau's advisers quarrelled regularly.

The finance department's decline can be traced to last February's federal-provincial conference on the economy. The department wanted to focus attention on medium-

proposals to slash the baby bonus and introduce a tax-credit scheme in its place. But other parts of the package, such as the spending cuts and the proposed freeze on all prices, had been advocated by the finance department before. Over all, Chrétien and the department agree with what was done—but not with how it was done. In the heated atmosphere, designed by Trudeau's office to stir up election fever, ministers including Chrétien were sent out to press conferences, unprepared and unable to answer key questions. They came away embarrassed, and raising Trudeau's office.

When the smoke cleared, it became apparent the over-all impact of the government's August economic initiative was restrictive. The net result of the spending cuts and new programs was to lower the projected government deficit for this fiscal year from \$12 billion to \$11.8 billion and, for next year, from \$12.2 billion to \$9.7 billion. While those numbers are still high, it is clear the emphasis is on curbing inflation rather than on cutting unemployment.

Left unanswered is how the government plans to achieve its target of four-per-cent growth for the economy with restrictive fiscal and monetary policies. The answer may come later this year in yet another budget from Chrétien, but there is a serious debate running inside and outside government over what it should contain. Some of the alternatives suggested include:

- Tax cuts. The Conservatives are pressing for a \$2-billion cut in personal income taxes plus other assorted tax breaks for investors and corporations.
- The argument against such cuts is that they would encourage imports as well as domestic production, worsen the federal deficit, increase inflationary pressures, and leave everyone worse off than before. The New Democrats are promoting a \$1.5-billion cut in the federal sales tax, which is levied on the manufacturers, or, as the consumer. The argument against such a cut is the same as for personal income taxes. In addition, there is the possibility the cut would be kept by the manufacturers as windfall profit rather than passed on.
- Job creation. The New Democrats are also recom-



Tarrow: what if he were running things...

menting a \$1.5-billion capital-investment program. But such a program would worsen the federal deficit and run counter to the government's pledge to hold down its spending.

• Exchange controls. Instead of continually raising interest rates to maintain the value of the dollar—a policy that has a dampening effect on the economy—the government could simply forbid people to move large sums of money out of the country. The government has repeatedly denied it is even considering such a move, but such controls are to be expected as stiff controls are actually implemented. It would appear the details are possible in this case, however, because exchange controls would be highly unpopular and an effective in lowering. Controls could easily backfire, as well, by undercutting international confidence in the Canadian dollar.

• The fixed income policy (FIP). In the U.S., it's a scheme whereby inflationary gains in income are taxed away, in monetary pressure, and would entail considerable bureaucratic interference in the marketplace, and Ottawa, just emerging from wage-price controls, is unlikely to consider a quick return to a controls-like environment.

In the final analysis, the best approach for the government may be to do nothing. But Chrétien is not likely to have that option available. If the dollar continues to slide and the government deficit grows larger still, the international financial community will force him to restrain the economy even more. If not, the pressure of the looming election will force him to stimulate the economy in whatever way he can. If he can.

IAN URBART

## A good man is hard to find. And harder to keep

While John Chrétien plans to address an all-Canada meeting, his deputy, Tom Sheyns, wants out from under the crushing burden of the portfolio. Indeed, Sheyns started out a year ago, but Chrétien persuaded him to stay on until the election, on the assumption it would take place this past or next spring. With the election now set for October, year 4 is likely Sheyns, who turns 62 this week, will stay down soon.

The departure of Sheyns, who was Tommy Douglas' chief economic adviser when the C.P.R. was nationalized, would leave a department that has already suffered the loss of several key people in the past year. First to go was Mickey Cohen, the cabinet tax lawyer, who took a sabbatical of Harvard and later was appointed deputy minister of energy. Then David Sider, a prominent economist, left to join the Ontario cabinet of Canada and Don Orchard, one of the few good public relations officers in the government, defected to Prime Minister Trudeau's staff. This month, Ed Clark, the who-let-it-be just 30 who helped pilot wage-price controls, followed Cohen to the energy department.

There is also unrest among the rank and file in the department as senior people such as Sheyns refuse to delegate responsibility, leaving only the most junior links for the highly trained economists on their staff to carry out. There is growing uneasiness over either whether such actions often allow to accept their pessimistic forecasts of the economy and order up more policies that fit the government's model. Not surprisingly

gives up an atmosphere's five economists have quit the department's economic analysis division in the past few months.

In fact, Sheyns's successor will face the daunting task of rebuilding the department as well as managing the economy. Nonetheless, people are standing in line for the job. Last month, five associate deputy ministers were interviewed for the job. But, at ST, he would have the insured to live and the orthodox views of the economy do not stand. There is a own choice could be Gordon Campbell, who was secretary of the treasury (before) when Chrétien ran that department and is now deputy minister. But Trudeau, who has the final say, might choose to put him Stewart, an economic adviser in his own office, into the finance post. A talent concept? Stewart would bring some fresh ideas to finance. But there are doubts about his administrative experience. Stewart says one finance expert "couldn't run a Mac's Milk Store."

IAN URBART

Sheyns: who needs this aggravation?



## Montreal

### They always come back to haunt you

When Mayor Jean Drapeau rose from the dinner table at the Old Montreal seafood restaurant, Chez Delancey last week, he looked like he had a care in the world. He had fished a relaxed side-by-side with his old friend, Pique architect Roger Taillibert, and as he walked toward the door he passed to shake hands with other diners. Yet two years after the last Olympic athletes had left the still-confused stadium that Drapeau had dreamed of and Taillibert had designed, the two men and their apologetically high-priced, already-crumbing monument were being replaced

across the front pages. Only two months before municipal elections, and only a short walk from the restaurant where the two men dined, hearings had begun in the ancient black tower of the Palais de Justice on the enormous expense of the Olympic site, now calculated at \$1.2 billion (Drapeau's original estimate \$925 million).

From its opening sessions, the Commission of Inquiry into the Costs of the 24th Olympiad in Montreal, headed by Superior Court Justice Albert Malouf, heard a bizarre account of secrecy, deception, hair-raising administrative incompetence and financial recklessness. Former City of Montreal engineer Claude Phaneuf, who had caught the mayor's attention when he succeeded in getting Larry Park ready for the Expo's



opening major-league season, revealed that he was given a bush-bush assignment in 1961 to begin work on the planning of the Olympic site. Locally, secretly, a full year before his appointment was announced, Turillbert flew across the continent with Phaneuf looking at baseball stadiums, promising them to be "cheap." That was not a false Montreal was to suffer.

During cross-examination of witnesses, it became clear that cost control was viewed as the pettiest of details. Turillbert was installed in a suite at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel at a cost of \$38,000 a year; contracts were given to engineers without tender, with no checking of the final acceptance to do the work, and decorative features were added to the plans at will. Commissioners accused Jacques Duprasé politically asked why, when costs were already double the estimates, \$80 million were spent on fireworks on top of the parking garage. "Well," replied Claude Phaneuf, who had the grace to look a little embarrassed, "it was felt that in the great few years of existence, a little life was needed." So, Turillbert designed fountains. Again and again, two names occurred. Who had ordered money? "Le patron"—the boss—Duprasé. Why were no management experts hired? Because the mayor wanted the city to remain central. Who gave orders? "Two people give orders. Sir Jacques and Mr. Turillbert."



Duprasé has always explained away the costs of construction by blaming inflation. He even told a full-length interview after the Olympics that there was no deficit—just a gap between costs and revenues. But now that the Malin inquiry is pushing deeper into his budgetary and administrative

Duprasé and his beloved Olympic Stadium: prices subject to change without notice



## The flyer who fell from grace with the sky

A few 16 years of riding the media caudars of power in Ottawa and Victoria in terms and then Jack Deves was found guilty in Vancouver last week of defrauding the public purse of \$1.674 million over a period of two years as B.C. a minister of energy, transport and communications. But he had converted that clause to tickets to economy and had the millions mailed to him at his home in West Vancouver. Few colleagues would have been a person of such public status could have committed such a petty offence—also, as one observer noted to a magazine's dropping a ball at 200.

During the last three weeks earlier the defence, led by one of Vancouver's shrewd lawyers, Allan McEachern, had admitted to the facts established by the prosecution but maintained Deves was misled to the money. It was an alibi, McEachern argued, to which cabinet members had a right. Judge John Anderson of this B.C. Gaulty Court



Deves just after his conviction (granted)

wasn't buying. The accused was not entitled to the refunds received by him. He said and so Deves was therefore guilty of fraud. He was acquitted on a charge of theft. Sentencing was delayed so the district could assemble character witnesses. It is a light-hearted statement to report after the decision. Deves said he hoped he would receive an absolute discharge—until the event that he does not. He will appeal the decision. His assessor protested his lack of culpability. "I had no intent to defraud. My funds that didn't belong to me. I've had other opportunities which were far more remunerative from the public service, and a never occurred to me that it was taking funds that belonged to other people. This finding is catastrophic as far as it concerns me. I'm going to come back—I'll do my utmost to come back."

For Premier Bill Bennett, whose heavy lifting of Deves last April seemed to be a sign of future overextension and prepayment, the whole episode has worked out well in comparison to the recent challenges and delays at Premier Frank McCreary and William Davis in similar situations. Bennett has approved sentence forthright and decisive—qualities that will do him no harm in a provincial election that may come this fall.

Mark Bodnar

election, the mayor is refusing all comment. At the weekly press, people are beginning to think the unthinkable: that the mayor may face an uphill fight in November. Blavernick Liberal MP Serge Joyal is publicly testing the waters for a run at the majority. But already he has let it be known that he will not resign from the House of Commons until after the municipal elections. No one is repeating the mayor's out yet. At week's end, he hinted he would ask the commission to suspend its hearings until after the Nov. 12 elections if they become a "factor" in the campaign.

Graham Fraser

## P.E.I.

### Some rest for the weary

The morning after Alex Campbell's tenure plan in election as premier of Prince Edward Island in 1990, he coolly told jubilant supporters that he planned to get a haircut and then go back to work. That sort of single-minded, no-hum style pervaded Campbell's 15 years and four terms as the province's youthful premier. Elected at age 28, the youngest premier in the country, Campbell led P.E.I. from penitence depression in Confederation to budding self-reliance. He was so ac-

Campbell: thanks to a political province.



## A little something for her trouble

It was weekend with an eddy ambiguous ending. Last week, an Ottawa Supreme Court jury took only one hour to decide that Irving Thompson, a 20-year-old Ottawa man accused of raping a 20-year-old woman was innocent. The case against his client closed lawyer Donald Bayle was heralded by the phone call that followed: "It's the day the provincial Criminal Justice Compensation Board awarded the victim \$4,500 for her 'pain and suffering'." The laconic Bayle described the situation as an "interesting paradox," but the board's decision is bound to be the beginning of a new legalism, steadily declined to equality. And, in one of those jokes at public law, Thompson was cleared and his victim went home rather by \$4,500.

for a friend. The woman he said was "hot" but, and he had her 10th floor apartment where she consented to intercourse—there was penetration for about five seconds—and then pushed him aside and started crying. They talked out their own. Thompson left. Returning later for his apartment, he met police, whom she had called.

Although the woman claimed Thompson broke into her apartment and raped her while she slept unconscious, a medical examination immediately after the attack revealed no signs of violence. Four days later, a subsequent newspaper discovery, because, but the court was told they could have been self-inflicted.

Thompson is a successful creative a question-wise contradiction in judgments which Anna Blavernick, the board officer who had set the award, steadily declined to equality. And, in one of those jokes at public law, Thompson was cleared and his victim went home rather by \$4,500.

Julienne Labrecque

## Ottawa

### The wrong arm of the law

It was 12 o'clock on a balmy spring night six years ago in Quebec's Baie d'Amour. "Everybody when a car pulled up near a shed marked, 'Barrage Construction—Danger, Explosives. While the driver waited, Bernard Debus and Richard Daigle went through a stability drill to the shed about a mile away. Debus, in a pickup truck, was a fireman, then Daigle went to fetch a box of dynamite, and the two men returned to the car, which again was up to the second floor of the burning.

Chief Superintendent Donald Cobb of the Baie d'Amour, Quebec, who has spent his career fighting terrorists, has already described the dynamite caper as an "extraordinary illegal act." But Debus and Daigle are still at large—and still working for the RCMP. In 1979 they were members of the Security Service's "C-4" "dirty tricks" unit. Last week the McDonald royal commission into RCMP wrongdoing (see page 20) heard for the first time the shrewd details from the lips of the doers themselves.

James G. Mac Donnell, 25 at the time of the break-in, testified that the order to avoid "normal channels"—beyond dynamite—had come from his boss, Staff Sergeant Donald McCreary. The dynamite allegedly was to have been

Steven Seacorp





McDonald (left) and Rivest are talking just before installing a fan plug in the system.

used by an RCMP informant in establishing his credentials with members of a terrorist cell. Corporal Dubeau and Constable Daigle joked around construction sites and making camp for two weeks in a van search for intended targets of explosives. "During those two weeks, did it not occur to you that your mission was to steal dynamite?" asked conservative columnist Russ Goodwin at the Ottawa bureau. "I felt it would probably come to that," Daigle responded. But, he added, "I was not in a position to question it, because I was a constable and Mr. McCherry is a staff sergeant."

Mr. Justice David C. McDonald, Alberta, the conservative chairman, naturally wondered where the defence of anonymity stood in the RCMP Security Service. If McCherry had said, "We need a diamond ring so that the sources in the terrorist cell can persuade her friends that he had stolen a diamond ring from Brink," McDonald agreed, would Daigle have included into the story to remove the ring? No, said Daigle—a more experienced Montreuil would be needed for a "complicated" job like that.

## Where was Peter Benchley when they needed him?



A little I looked like a man of Jaws instead of me, more a piece of Jaws. When Louis Campbell accidentally caught a 170-lb one-line great white shark in the cold net off Prince Edward Island, he proudly hung his shrunken trophy from a stick. But a few of the tourists and shrimpers who were to go to the point gathered walked off with some of the fish. Realizing they couldn't take it, Campbell did the only thing possible—he cut off the piece with three big cuts of teeth and put the 190-pound exhibition into his plastic bag. So far, the top offer for the jaws is \$4,000, but Campbell is awaiting a bigger payoff. He may be writing quite a while. The fact is that, much to the chagrin of P.E.I. tourism officials, the landing of great white sharks on ice cream men. Over the past 100 years at least 40 white sharks have been landed using the North Atlantic coast—the record going to a 1951 catch that was 37 feet long.

But sharks aren't scary. Despite the bad image created by the movies, sharks are really no more dangerous than snakes on the highway. And Campbell's catch, on the point of becoming a local big story, has been dispatched to a final resting place out of town.

Earlier in the spring of the dynamite job, Dubeau and Daigle testified, they also snatched a farm in Quebec owned by Ross Ross, mother of Paul and Jacques Ross, who were considered as a result of the 1970 kidnapping of labor minister Pierre Laporte. The reason, however, Dubeau ripped the oil out of his car on the rough township roads and the vehicle was towed back to Montreal, the engine and transmission shot. A few nights later they went back with Sergeant Claude Brudner and Corporal Bernard Hiler to burn the Ross farm.

Brudner told the commission he believes 16-W-36 motor oil was used to fuel the blast. Daigle recalled that Brudner poured the oil onto the concrete floor and lit it—but the concrete floor didn't take, and the men had to return to set the blaze again.

The reason for the bare burning? Dubeau said McCherry had told him the barn had to be destroyed to stop a meeting planned between militant "Vigilantes" and US Black Panthers. But to the commission, it seemed more like a "disruptive tactic" commonly used by the Security Service throughout the early 1970s. Amid all the evidence of bungling, in fact, some observers wondered if the Montreuil had's intentionally exposed their sloppy techniques in an effort to debunk the notion that illegal acts were widely used.

Joy O'Connor

## Quebec

### Something old, something new

It seemed like a varietal on the old joke about selling refrigerators to Eskimos. Cécile Laurin, Quebec's rivin-



ter of state for cultural development, was flying north to the last village of Percuagoué early this month to open an exhibition of Inuit sculpture which had been sent from the government's permanent collection. But in fact, the exhibition was a graceful example of government diplomacy in beginning to restore Inuit culture to the lost people themselves.

For years, the Inuit had been feeling a growing sense of lost contact with their artistic heritage. Amid all the pressures of Westernization, with Elvis records and Carole King records being shipped north with the missionaries, every native sculpture or print had been shipped south. "An artist in the north can go to a museum any time he likes and see his work, or that of any other artist," explained Georges Pélissier, an Inuit-speaking employee of the Federation of Co-operatives. "The Inuit artists don't even know who has bought their work."

The exhibition at Percuagoué was a joyous affair, with the whole village of 500 turning out to greet the returning art. As children accompanied cheerfully about, fathers and mothers with babies on their backs shuffled past the displays. For many, the pleasure in the sculpture was sensual, people were reaching out and stroking a sculpture fondly and slowly—a tendency that made one Montreal art dealer highly nervous, since he estimated one of the more fragile pieces to be worth \$16,000. And part of the pleasure was family pride in the exhibition itself. One earnest northwesterner, anxious about the criteria the Inuit used to evaluate their art, asked a native what his favorite was, and whom he was told, asked why. "My mother carved it," the man replied with a smile.

Graham Fraser

Inuit entering a piece of their own sculpture together again for the first time.

## The grass is greener (bluer?)

Ed Roberts had always been the anti-establishment Newfoundland Liberal. His arrival here appeared to July 1980 would when he succeeded as Liberal leader right on schedule six years ago. But over time a biding with his senior colleagues and the premier's job—and, ultimately, the party leadership—Roberts has been undergoing a steady process of transformation.

Now a lawyer with the Conservative firm of Hays, Hickerson, Hunt and Adams, Roberts finds himself at the forefront of having to defend a former political ally—John Lynch.

The former Tory Newfoundland cabinet minister and three-time top captain have been charged by the Conservative environmental foundation with violating a 1969-landed law which forbids taking seats on St. John's Roberts approved political foundation may be nothing more than pragmatism or that again it may be just another example of the traditional Liberal solidarity against the last act—his own. The Minister.

Robert Pauline

## New Brunswick

### While the iron is hot

New Brunswick's warm summer weather, out to be just the right political cooling-off period for Progressive Conservative Premier Richard Hatfield. By last week, nobody could accuse him of unfairly calling an election too soon after provincial Liberals picked a new leader. Last week he had also put himself a safe distance away from his previous mayhem last April. So Hatfield did the expected: he called a provincial vote for October 28.

Other factors also made the timing propitious: the prospect of a hard winter when unemployment figures will undoubtedly soar; and the inescapable fact that, for all the ferocity at the time, the 1970 failure of such government-sponsored industries as the Redfishery (in which Hatfield played a key role) have begun to fade from public consciousness. Still, it may have taken some unattended co-operation from the federal government finally to tip the premier's hand. First, Prime Minister Trudeau's 161 million to deliver a national vote until spring seemed, Ottawa's decision not to equalization payments to the power provinces—which may have given Hatfield just the boost he needed in hard-pressed New Brunswick.

For Liberal leader Joseph Zensé Daigle, though, the campaign's main theme will be the traditional one of jobs and the economy. A former judge and Opposition financial critic, Daigle, 46, has put 14,000 miles on his car since spring, interviewing voters in all kinds of rallies, fairs and townships. That has made him better known than he was a few months ago, but he will still have

his hands full against Hatfield, 47, whose vigorous political style has made him the dominant figure in New Brunswick politics since he was first elected.



premier eight years ago.

The election could turn on the performance of New Brunswick's Acadian southeast, where Hatfield made significant inroads but which could return to the Liberal fold with Andrus Daigle running—unless the fringe Parti Acadien takes important votes away from him.

In bidding for the premiership, Daigle will be seeking to become only the third Acadian to hold the post (recent premiers Lester B. Pearson, premier from 1960 to 1970). But Hatfield is also up against an onerous political tradition—the fact that no New Brunswick Conservative government has ever lasted more than two terms in office. David Felder

\*Shocking at Acadia, P.C.-M. Liberal M. with no money. The NDP has been elected a member in New Brunswick.







# After Camp David, a very uncertain Mid-east outlook

As the Camp David Summit moved toward its scheduled close on Sunday there seemed little hope that the 14th day of talks between President Jimmy Carter and his guests—Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and Israel's

Prime Minister Menachem Begin—would bring better luck than the preceding 13. All week the headlines from the leaders had been remarkable for what they did not say and many commentators had begun to fear that for once, no news was bad news.

On Saturday, White House press secretary Jody Powell, without quite closing the door, went a long way to support the pessimists. "There are still outstanding differences in important areas," he said. Serious efforts would continue to resolve them. But so far at least the "framework for negotiations," which Carter had hoped for to keep the peace initiative alive after Camp David, still eluded the negotiators.

The break-up came after a marathon behind closed doors which still could not

quite shut out the sounds of strife. Sadat and Begin went to bed Saturday night without having spoken to each other for nine days. Carter, who had been using a bicycle to shuttle between the two leaders' lodges, realized on Friday that "all issues had been aired and explored" and that there was no point in dragging things out. Begin and Sadat agreed, but they also agreed to spend Sunday morning in a last-ditch effort to bridge the gulf between them.

The chief sticking point seemed to be, as even, in Begin's refusal to promise the complete return of Arab land seized in the 1967 Six-Day War. Carter had produced a complicated compromise under which Israel, Egypt, Jordan and the local Palestinians would share power in the West Bank and Gaza Strip for an interim test period. After a final vote a decision would be made on sovereignty. But Sadat held out for an immediate Israeli commitment to return land by a set date.

Not surprisingly, in view of the need to carry their twin commitments in Israel and North America with them, the Israelis maintained an air of optimism all along which seemed in retrospect unjustified. The semi-official Egyptian press, however, clearly getting a good service via the diplomatic bag, exhibited a pessimism that was proved to be all too correct. By Sunday the weekly Al-Akhbar al-Yom was forecasting that only a "miracle" could save the Summit while Al-Gomhura warned that a "19th day" cannot be excluded. This war will increase the crisis of the world economy."

There were words of praise for Carter's "desperate" efforts to sway the Israelis—and in the United States itself the public opinion polls showed a similar reaction. Carter's popularity shot up by 10 points. But that was cold comfort when only a last-minute breakthrough could keep the Middle East on the road to peace.

WILLIAM LEWIS

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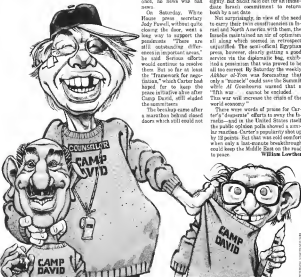
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## The desperate hours

It was like a brush fire fanned by a gale in little more than a week of bitter fighting that left hundreds dead and half a dozen cities pockmarked by smoking ruins. Sandinista guerrillas opposing the dictatorship of President Anastasio Somoza had won control of large areas in northwestern and southern Nicaragua.

At the weekend they were still stubbornly defending their gains despite all the efforts of Somoza's 13,000-strong National Guard to dislodge them, and, though the colonial city of Leon was retaken, there were reports that U.S. President Jimmy Carter had decided in effect to seek Somoza's resignation in order to prevent further bloodshed and the threat of a wider conflagration in Central America.

If so it would be a belated though timely recognition (Nicaragua celebrated the 150th anniversary of its independence from Spain on Sept. 15) of a 42-year-old injustice.

The current violence is rooted in a cult of grievance that has accumulated over 1986, when the U.S. Marines plunked the Somoza dynasty into place. Nicaragua has become a byword for oppression and corruption. But under the thumb of "the last U.S. Marine in Nicaragua"—as the guerrillas call Somoza—the family dictatorship became too oppressive to bear.

Sandinista guerrillas shatter defenses in half a dozen pockmarked cities



The business community's loyalty were thin while Somoza busily cornered profits in virtually all areas of commerce. The people were alienated by the brutality of the National Guard, which the Catholic church accused of rape and murder on a large scale. It behaves "like an occupying army," said one commentator.

Somoza's opponents have maintained a steady barrage of criticism since Jan. 30, when an opposition newspaper publisher was murdered, and heads have been broken almost daily since in scuffles between demonstrators and National Guardsmen loyal to the dictator. But the Sandinista dramatic Aug. 28 raid on the National Palace and their subsequent escape to Panama with released prisoners and booty were the sparks that set off the real explosion.

Two-agers armed with pistols and black powder bombs took to the streets of Managua, near the capital, on Aug. 21, and though they were swiftly overborne by the National Guard hundreds demonstrated in two other towns—Masaya near Managua, and Esteli in the north—soon after. They were only dispersed after the guard moved in with tear gas.

The toppling of the pot on the night of Sept. 8, Acting almost simultaneously, guerrillas raided five police stations in Managua and National Guard posts in the cities of Leon, Masaya, Esteli, Managua, Chinandega and Granada.

"There is no longer any doubt. It is a



Somoza: a disputed request for resignation

civil war," said Alejandro Chomero, an opposition party leader, as the battles raged into Monday. Refugees fled the embattled cities by the hundred. Martial law was declared in two provinces, giving troops the right to shoot suspected terrorists on sight. The Central Bank halted conversion of the cordoba into other currency, apparently to prevent the flight of wealth. Postal services were cut off—the staff pressed into the military—and government workers

were told there was no money left for their paychecks.

By Tuesday, the guerrilla's stay-at-home had become clear. Flying outland in Leon, Chinandega, Masaya, Esteli and parts of Managua, where the central market closed for the first time, Somoza came under pressure from neighboring Costa Rica, which elated a National Guard airplane bombed his territory while chasing Sandinistas back to their Costa Rican hideouts.

By Wednesday, the insurgents were said to be in complete control of northwestern Nicaragua. Somoza's men, weary after five solid days of fighting, loaded their American-supplied weapons northward, only to run into hurried convoys across the Pan-American highway. Then fresh fighting broke out in the southern city of Rivas, just 15 miles from the Costa Rican border, and Somoza declared full martial law.

While the president was in his steel-barreled compound predicting victory within the week, thousands of his subjects were streaming north to Honduras and south to Costa Rica. But Somoza's familiar refrain, that he is the only defence against a Communist takeover, was echoed by the thousands of non-Communists—children, youth and old men—who joined the guerrillas at the barricades. Foreign reporters in Esteli were besieged by self-proclaimed Sandinistas who denied being Communists. One prominent opposition coalition of doctors, lawyers and businessmen proclaimed "We are Sandinistas, like all of the people."

In Leon, Thursday, the rebels launched for a counter-attack from the National Guard, but took time to open the central market and let people take food. The guerrilla's policy of shooting looters apparently upset nobody but looters. New rebel attacks were launched against the northern cities of Chinandega and Pecos Masaya, while the threat of burning looting—ignited by the Red Cross to avoid infection—flashed over many other towns.

Friday brought Somoza's men back to Leon, attacking with armored vehicles and helicopters. Anything that moved became fair game for both sides, and a helicopter over the city broadcast that the "National Guard is not responsible for what happens if you leave your houses." Rebels were reported trying to take control of territory along the Costa Rican border, to set up a provisional government.

As the internal battle raged, Nicaragua's neighbors were worriedly taking sides. Honduras Defense Minister Luis Sosa-Corales Colonel Diego Lora, Cusano spoke for Somoza's supporters—other military regimes in Latin America—if supporting forces might be sent to help put down the rebels. In the other camp, Costa Rica and Venezuela were hating

## The morning after the night before

Only a few weeks after the violent resignation of President Anastasio Somoza, it is becoming apparent that he will be unable to satisfy the hopes of the large majority of Nicaraguans who voted him to the republic's top job in May. Other political forces—U.S. influence and the party of past president Joaquín Balaguer—are pressuring Somoza's left-of-center Democratic Revolution Party (PRD) from electing national president during the campaign. The new

PRD, a majority in the upper house of the senate, have been unexpectedly revealed as that Somoza's party now has a majority there. And Somoza is also paying the bills to North American business interests on the Caribbean coast.

Campaign ideas to increase state participation in foreign mining concerns, including Falcónbridge Nickel Mines, are growing popular by the day, and most intriguing possibility doubt have been dispelled by the appointment of businessmen to key cabinet posts. This Somoza factor has left his post as vice-president and general manager of Falcónbridge Dominicana to head the State Sugar Board, a critical position in a country heavily dependent on sugar exports. He



government can't accomplish a great amount of change. The RAO's Secretary General José Peña (center) addressing recently

Somoza nearly did not make it at all. The army stopped the vote count when early returns indicated he was winning and decided to withdraw if they would ever be of Somoza, who for 12 years had suppressed dissent through arbitrary arrests and bought the loyalty of the military through a system of graft too massive to conceal from the public.

But intervention by President Jimmy Carter finally guaranteed Somoza's election. In a surprising reversal of previous U.S. policy—President Lyndon Johnson in 1965 sent in 25,000 Marines to prevent a red administration from taking power—Carter warned Somoza out to the republic would be out if this year's elections were sabotaged.

So Somoza was permitted to take office. But not, it became clear last week, before paying a heavy price. Original returns giving

With Balaguer (center) supporting in the background, Somoza is sworn in as president, still in a less-than-flying beginning

kept his seat on the company's board. Not a word has been said other than about disturbing the empire of the most powerful U.S. corporation on the island. Gulf and Western, which owns about 70 per cent of the cultivated land in two eastern provinces, O and W also has substantial investments in the coffee and banana industries.

Somoza has given ground too over his commitment to a general amnesty for political prisoners and exiles—requests for release will now be reviewed individually—and over investigation of corruption by the Somoza government. Details concluded before May will not be examined.

Thus, with the filter from the inaugural celebrations scarcely cleared from the streets, Somoza is in a position that future moves are likely to be much more subtle.

Virginia Smith



that the United States and the Organization of American States would intervene before the fighting spread further. On Friday the U.S. asked Sonoma to agree to a mediated solution. But its attitude was generally low-profile.

Costa Rica has a particularly large stake in the outcome. Its traditionally stable democracy would be threatened if war broke out in nearby Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras and Colombia, where guerrillas are already active and might be encouraged to intensify their

fighting by convinced security in Nicaragua. In Panama—a bitter enemy of Sonoma—a brigade of volunteers is poised to fight against the president should he attempt outside help. Thus at week's end the fighting showed no signs of abating. But for the rebels, there were signs aplenty of encouragement; it seemed they had the support of most Nicaraguans who, as one diplomat put it, see in the struggle a "battle for national dignity."

Michael Chapsone

## Cambodia

# The best offence . . .

A virulent attack on Canada's record in Indonesia and its treatment of the underprivileged at home has been made by the government of Cambodia, now known as Democratic Kampuchea. Canada's hands are said to be "stained with the blood of the people of Kampuchea," and, say the Cambodians, "the government and Parliament are unable to ensure the most basic human rights to the Cambodian people."

This verbal onslaught comes in reply to an all-party Commons resolution condemning human rights violations in Cambodia, adopted last April. The Cambodian reply was passed to the Canadian embassy in Peking as long ago as last May 15. But sources who made the 450-word text, translated from the French, available to *Maclean's* last

week said that officials at the department of external affairs in Ottawa had ordered that the document be held within the ministry "because it lends itself to sarcasm."

That it certainly does. Cambodia, the document begins without preamble, "has always carefully refrained from intervening in the domestic affairs of Canada. It seems that the House of Commons of the Canadian Parliament is, in contrast, excessively interfering in the domestic affairs of Democratic Kampuchea."

Dipping into a local version of history, the diplomatic note says Canada, as a member of the 1954 Interna-

**Straitened Cambodian refugees bailed at Thai border just trying not to disappear**

tional Central Commission, "was an accomplice of the American imperialism in the massacre of several thousands of Kampuchean inhabitants at the border between Kampuchea and South Vietnam." Canada then "fervently supported" the (American-backed, anti-Communist) Lon Nol government and "the devastating war of aggression waged by the American imperialism who slaughtered more than one million of the people of Kampuchea."

There then follows the charge about internal human rights failures. The Cambodian people, says the note, are entitled by their government "to no more than the right to march the streets in search of work, the right to be citizens of the imperialist Canadian monopolies, the right to sell their labor, the right not to find any employment, the right to rob and plunder and prostitute themselves and so on." Said one Canadian diplomat in routing the note: "Well, indeed, nobody's perfect." Which, of course, is the point: external affairs officials were making when they spoke of possible sarcasm.

Headline Cambodians gathering facts for expected United Nations investigation of the means by which Cambodia's six-minister ruling government exercises its power report a new worsening of conditions in the country. The people who talk to Indo-Chinese refugees have their own paragon and on some they see is the "disposition factor." That is now said to be at a peak in Cambodia.

To a man—women and children escaping from Cambodia to Thailand are rare—the approximately 1,000 refugees who have successfully fled since mid-July have given one reason: "I was going to be killed."

They report that there is a new purge of village officials and of all those who used to live in non-Communist areas before the 1975 Khmer Rouge victory. Food rations have been cut again since last June. The work-and-famine (Indochinese) day continues to be 36 hours, with no day off. The key word is "disappear." So far as is known, every refugee has spoken of villagers who have disappeared. Killings are not public, although more have seen the decomposing results of "disappearances."

All this is being taken down by Canadian, British and American diplomats based in Bangkok, to form part of a report to the UN Human Rights Commission. For despite the embarrassment caused by Cambodia's vigorous counter-attack last May, Ottawa is maintaining its original stance. With justification. According to one source, the Cambodians have violated every one of the 30 articles in the UN's Declaration of Human Rights and "even Uganda only violates 28."

David Alton

## The U. S.

# The natives aren't all that restless

There was a certain comic relief—never a smirk, that a payoff—to the first round of America's midterm electrosawing last week. If any message at all could be delivered to the White House it was that while the political rockers aren't working as well as they



used to, the voters are not in quite such an ugly mood as the parties feared.

There was very little of the "throw the rascals out" spirit that pollsters and analysts had predicted. In all, the results were good news for President Jimmy Carter—a much needed boost for his own re-election chances in two years' time.

It was the week when the Republicans and Democrats in 14 states and the District of Columbia held their party primary elections to decide who would be the candidates come national election day, November 7. As usual there were some surprises.

In the sprawling state of Nevada, some of the three party voting for the Republican nomination for the House of Representatives went so far as to vote that voters cast their ballot on the fourth line, voting for "none of the above."

In Maryland, too, there was an odd result. Blair Lee, the Democratic occupant of the governor's chair, was ousted by a little-known, but long-serving local politician named Harry Hughes. It was bad luck for Lee. Last year his reputation as a "straight dealer" earned him the job when the previous governor, a pipe-smoking sharpie called Marvin Mandel, was convicted of corruption. The problem was, however, that besides being a fast-talking crowd with friends in the horse-racing business Mandel was also a winner at keeping down taxes—and voters clearly thought Lee's touch on the till was a little short of magic.

The third upset worthy of note was

the defeat of congressman Donald Fraser for the Democratic endorsement for Robert Humphrey's old Senate seat in Minnesota. The voter was anti-shockman Robert B. Shaw, a Minneapolis trucking and hotel magnate and former owner of the Washington Senators baseball team, who challenged the traditional liberal doctored of his party with his own \$800,000 campaign.

Elsewhere, apart from a hiccup or two, all was sweetness and light. New York Governor Hugh L. Carey and Connecticut Governor Ella T. Grasso both

**Garage: half of the people this time**

turned back challenges from three independents, though Carey managed only 50 per cent of the vote, and the overall effect of the primaries was to augur stability in the Senate (current standing: 61 Democrats, 38 Republicans and one Independent) and House of Representatives (217 Democrats, 143 Republicans).

There had been widespread speculation that there would be many changes and that this would signal a defeat for the Democrats in November. There had also been predictions that the very Democratic losses that would result in a one-term presidency for Carter. It could still happen, but it now seems less likely.

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## Speaking the same language

For Spain's imperiously proud President Adolfo Suárez it was a traffic jam. As the first European head of government to visit Cuba since its 1958 revolution, he had expected a friendly welcome. What he could scarcely have anticipated was the scale of his glad-handing last week from an effusive, black-and-white Castro.

Big along with compliments about Spain's "anti-fascist" progress toward democracy and hints that King Juan Carlos, if he decided to visit Havana, could be sure of an even more ecstatic welcome, Castro made it plain in seven hours of talks that he was looking a little further than the end of his cigar.

Indeed, he advised, should any neutral in the international power struggle—"the military blocs are becoming unworkable," he declared. It seemed like an obvious piece of special pleading for his own particular Goliath, the Soviet Union. But the Spanish leader, pre-1930 and hence repugnant U.S. anti-



Suárez and Castro's cordially interested

itary bases and if it were to join the alliance, NATO influence would be extended as far south as the Tropic of Cancer, an unwelcome development for Moscow.

North Africa, indeed, was a key point in the Havana talks. Spain has been making little headway on its problems with that continent. Many members of the Organisation of African Unity support a movement, based in Algeria, which seeks independence for Spain's

Cannary Isles, while Madrid's last departure from its old colony, the Western Sahara, contributed toward the war now being waged there. Castro, with 40,000 soldiers engaged in Africa, emphasized that "transcontinental" bridges between Madrid and "certain African nations" could be renewed and answered any support for the Canarian separatists.

That assurance, and the obvious interest of the Cuban leader in a renewal of contacts with Spain, must have helped Suárez to feel that he had not wasted his time. His visit to Cuba, and earlier to Venezuela, had clearly given a push to an idea evolved by Juan Carlos for an inter-American community of nations.

Castro, equally clearly, was out to widen his European contacts, and, just possibly, to lessen a little his dependence on Moscow. It was probably on the Kremlin's behalf, however, that as Suárez's departure Castro flew immediately to Rhodesia, ostensibly for celebrations of the fourth anniversary of that country's revolution but in fact to try to mediate between the pigmy of left-wing head of state Nkomo, Hailu Mawema and the British separatist Rhodesia seems bent on crushing them and Moscow has been urging order. It is necessary for supporting him against its

former protector, the British. The Cuban leader also met Rhodesian Patriotic Front guerrilla leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe (see page 11). In Adolfo Suárez's Castro may still be playing his old Mucovine games.

If so, it would be surprising the Span-

ish Castro's Father came from Galicia, a farmhouse owner of the Spanish peninsula, and as the saying goes "those Gallegos are so cunning... if you meet one on a staircase you can never be sure if he's going up or coming down."

David S. Reid

## Rhodesia

### Sting like a butterfly

The antagonism had been mounting for five days among Rhodesia's storied and angry whites. Finally, Prime Minister Ian Smith was going to announce "something positive and firm" in response to the fury over the downing, with the loss of 48 lives, of an Air Rhodesia Viscount by a guerrilla missile. The incident reflected the rapidly deteriorating military situation and hinted a new dimension to a war that had so far been limited to the ground. Barely a car moved on Salisbury's streets and many have brought in TV sets for Smith's nationwide address.

What the wily Rhodesian leader had to say, however, left many whites more bewildered, and angered, than they were before. In essence his half-hour address boiled down to a modified version of martial law applied to "particular areas and when required and not on a nationwide basis." There were no specifics on where, when, or how it would be applied.

Smith also announced plans to "liquidate" the two internal branches of the Patriotic Front guerrilla movement. One of them—the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU), headed by Joshua Nkomo, which claimed responsibility for downing the aircraft—lost more than 200 officials and members were subsequently detained, although the government refused to confirm or deny figures.

But the move was almost lost on whites trying to figure out what "martial martial" meant. The frustration of Rhodesia's small white community—numbered 25 to 1 by blacks—appears to have peaked with the Viscount incident. In less than seven months, the optimism that surrounded the March 3 internal settlement plan had almost passed. Hopes for an Anglo-American sponsored peace summit between Rhodesia's makeshift transitional government and PF leaders Robert Mugabe and Nkomo—announced for September—seemed all but dead, and the crack itself hinted a private peace offer between Smith and Nkomo.

It all left whites feeling helpless, and more frightened than ever. At the me-



Smith: any war in the house can shut him

merid service for the victims of the air disaster two demonstrators entered a banner in front of Smith's air reading "Prime Minister, give Nkomo a message from us when you next him secretly next time. Go to hell, you murdering bastard!"

Smith's immediate problem was that many people had the distinct impression that his "martial-martial" speech was designed to leave the door open for further talks with Nkomo, rather than to punish him, and some of the critics felt so strongly that they marched straight into the ranks of the opposition, the ultra-right-wing Action Party.

The situation seems to be getting out of hand and, as the week end neared, Smith moved to ally the angry mood. Nkomo, he told a press conference, was a "monster" and "certainly I haven't left the door open and sincerely hope I don't have to have a car trunk with the postman tomorrow."

Most people, including the media, seemed content with this apparent disclaimer. But one or two observers noted that whatever Smith hoped, there still was a strong possibility that he might have to do just that. Robin Wright

## With a little help from their amigos

The code name was To the Japanese for door—and though that particular bit of conspiracy talk hasn't been blown away over the years it once passed a major threat to Canadian security. The spies who worked for it operated as far afield as New Orleans and Vancouver—and they were controlled on Tokyo's behalf by Spanish diplomats in Canada and the United States.

The Japanese set their operations last year three days after the Dec. 7, 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor and financed the first months of its operation with \$500,000 left in a safe when they were forced to evacuate embassy in Washington and the Spaniards moved in to represent Japan's interests.

The fact that these interests included espionage is revealed, for the first time, in documents turned over to the national archives in Washington by the National Security Agency. The identity of the leader of the ring is never revealed, nor are the names of its members, though it is noted that there were "at least six and probably eight," and that all but one were Japanese. The military attaché in the Spanish embassy in Washington was a member. So was the consulate in New Orleans, New York and San Francisco. A late arrival to the

net was a Frenchman who was assigned to the Spanish consulate in Vancouver, where he reported on ship movements going north to Alaska's Aleutian Islands. (The Aleutians occupied by the Japanese early in the war were returned by the United States in 1943.) It seems likely that the Japanese passed information from their Spanish spies straight to the Germans, who may have used it to direct attacks on Allied shipping convoys by their U-boats. But no attempt was ever made to slip them. The U.S. learned of that assistance by breaking the super secret Japanese diplomatic code, and learned to tip the Japanese off to their real success. The code was left, passed for more war information since Washington could read it, as the messages Japanese diplomats were sending to Tokyo.

Some of the decoded messages show that the Japanese planned a massive use of suicide weapons, including kamikaze airplanes and human torpedoes. In a last-ditch attempt to stop a United States invasion, Hiroshima is to be exchanged for the Aleutian Islands.

When the first test on Hiroshima, the Japanese introduced their lighter plane to "test all possibilities" during air attacks (the first bomb had fallen by parachute). But when the second bomb fell on Nagasaki, one decoded message read: "There is no defense now against these weapons."

Language expert aboard a convoy escort ship







Dickinson: a belle in the province

film, *My Name with John Wayne*, plays opposite European film star Lino Ventura in this her 28th movie, with support from Canadiana Hella Mularum (*Outrageous*) and Chris Wiggins. Like June, the character she plays, Dickinson is trying for a fresh start, and being back in films, at the pre-review stage at least, is "a total pleasure."

**A**drian Hachberg had almost as many star-watching female admirers as he did hockey fans when he played for the Winnipeg Jets. But now the young Swedish right winger is headed for the New York Rangers with more than his partner in hockey infatuation Ulf Nilsson and their two-year \$2,700,000 contract. It came after devotees from Portage and Blaine were tempted to follow. Hachberg stole away and married his longtime girl-friend Gae-Marie Nyberg in a ceremony so secret even jet Nilsson didn't know of it. To church the priest, the late-number magazine took place in a small chamber on an island in the Baltic. Only their mothers, the groom's brother and the bride's sister attended. Well, "Broadway Androm" doesn't quite sound right anyway.

**I**n the post-Watergate tradition of turning adversity into a savings account, **Mike Costanza** is leaving them laughing. After helping Jimmy Carter become president, Costanza was rewarded with a \$50,000 White House job, but now has resigned (over encouragement) and hit the lecture trail to tell Carter jokes. The 45-year-old former vice-mayor of Rochester, New York, was given as Carter's second hand from Carter, a staff of 15 and the title, *Presidential Assistant for Public Liaison*. Her outspoken rapport with the public, which landed her in the White House basement, once lavish office and staff before she quit, is now paying off with lines such as "Jimmy is always saying he's a born-again Christian. I always wondered why he would want to come back as himself" and referring to Carter's admission of lusting after women in his heart—"Jimmy Carter is the only president in history who believed heartburn was a venereal disease." Costanza says it's her sense of humor that has kept her going. That, of course, and \$1,000 per lecture.

**P**erhaps it was an acid-wash back in the '60s that faded **Brian Wilson's** blue jeans and musical inventiveness beyond redemption, but for the time

Hawaii: a little help from her friends



behind the Beach Boys, life is the '60s isn't worth living. In a soon-to-be-released book *The Beach Boys and the California Myth*, Los Angeles journalist David Leaf analyzes the rise and fall of the surf-rock safari and, in particular, why their leader never to put—among other dimensions (The band is currently on rock's version of the run, touring nostalgically in their early-striped shirts

The Beach Boys: another lost leader

which are threatening to turn saccharine). Wilson, who withdrew from the band in the mid-'60s after writing such songs as *In My Room* and *Surfer's U.S.A.*, has spent the better part of the '70s in semi-seclusion. According to Leaf, the men's made him do it, forcing Wilson to keep the song, *Smile*, which the Beach Boys acted. Leaf goes on to charge that Brian did not get good vibrations from his father, Murry, now deceased, who managed the band. Murry, apparently, considered Brian's next significant writing move. Which brings one to the conclusion that life can be fun, fun, fun if your daddy takes your surfboard away.



**T**he Committee for the Release of Patricia Hearst is pressing for the pardon of the Symbionese Liberation Army kidnapper-cum-terrorist, with a billboard, bumper sticker and T-shirt campaign. Thousands of people from the U.S. and Canada have written to the White House and prominent congressmen William F. Buckley Jr. and the always running Ronald Reagan, the L.A. chapter of the National Organization of Women, the San Francisco branch club, and even the president of the bank she robbed, have voiced support. **Party Hearst**, now serving the second year of her seven-year sentence for bank robbery at the medium-security Pomona Prison in California, is quietly doing her part. While cooking in the prison kitchen or working on sei-

amazing bringing her back to earth

vernity correspondence courses, Hearst is wearing a T-shirt given to her by her sister Anne. One side reads, "Pardon Me," the other, "Hearst Kidnapped Me—Always Having to Say You're Sorry."

**O**verlooking the moon, Tomorrow **Wingham** it took the magnitude of the NASA space program and \$24 billion to rocket Neil Armstrong to a spot where he could plant the first American foot on the moon July 20, 1969. Now, leaving no furrow unturned, organizers of the 1978 International Flying March have paid the grounded astronaut close to \$5,000 to land in Wingham, Ontario (pop. 5,000), to do another act of planting. Armstrong will officially open the five-day agricultural trade show Sept. 26 to 28, which will be held on farmer James Armstrong's homestead (They're no relation, but James thought it'd be nice to have a big-name Armstrong to put the show rolling.) Although Neil thinks he's being paid to cut ribbons, cut high off the bag and be paraded alongside the corn-fed cattle, he's also expected to stand behind a team of Belgians and compete in the plowing competition. As with most things, Armstrong's life will be passed on to the consumer. Ticket prices have been raised this year and schoolchildren, traditionally let in free, will have to pay 50 cents. Ah well...one small increase for kiddies, one giant farrow for Winghamland.

**S**ince the Bible states that on the seventh day even the Lord was intended to rest, Anglican priest **Ronald de Cornville** thinks that the latter-day rest those in the federal government should have extended the same courtesy to all earthbound denominations. De Cornville, 51, national director of the League for Human Rights of Evan Evans, has taken himself out of the running for the Liberal nomination in the federal riding of Kijikong (one of 15 by-elections to be contested Oct. 16). Does Anderson, former editor of *Canadiana* magazine, a now being considered to replace him. His reason? Oct. 16 is the first day of Sukkot, a Jewish holy day akin to Thanksgiving, which prevents Jews from working, not to mention picking a government. (The advance polling day also falls on the Sukkot.) Since one-third of the 30,000 citizens in the riding hold by Mitchell Sharp since 1945 are Jewish, de Cornville says the date of the by-election is a "tragedy." De Cornville's bid, however, has only temporarily been pulled from the map.

De Cornville to think, even still be true



When the general election is finally held next spring, de Cornville will be prepared. He's already been nominated by acclamation for the newly redistributed riding of Kijikong-Lawrence.





## Daring young men on their farming machines

Victor Rice was outside Massey-Ferguson Ltd.'s 14th-floor downtown Toronto headquarters earlier this month waiting, as he always does, to report to the board, then leave. This time, however, he would enter when summoned and remain as president, chief operating officer and director.

Tipped off 18 days earlier by Conrad Black, Massey chairman himself for only three weeks, Rice knew the 15 directors were dissecting his capacity to

plunge \$165.5 million in 1979's first nine months announced at the same meeting, it was the best news his board had heard in 1 1/2 years of terrible global sales. In fact, for the 37-year-old Rice, it

foreshadowed plans there and in London, England. From office boy to his native Britain at 16, he'd become president of Canada's fourth largest institutions with 60 factories in 30 countries and \$3 billion in sales last year—and a host of problems.

They include triple-digit inflation and interest-rate slashing. South American farm-machinery sales, largely strikes in the U.K. and elsewhere, soaring export price tags for German-made construction equipment, too much debt, too many long-in-the-tooth executives, concern about top-level succession, and a boardroom schism over who should run things.

It is, however, a firm that has seen hard times before. There was a year during the Depression, so the story goes, when the sole reason was an insurance claim paid after two combine fell, or were pushed, from an apocalyptic Great Lakes vessel and sank from sight.



Rice: youth finds a way

ride day-to-day hard on a firm embarrasingly in the hole. After no hint, approval was unanimous, but spoken with the knowledge that time to look for other candidates had run out. Unheeded in at 11:15 a.m., he dragged surprise when told the news and took a seat beside director Ralph Barford.

The agenda moved quickly to item seven: Report of the president. For 22 years, that had been 65-year-old Albert Thorsbrough's task but that day it was Rice to whom everyone turned. "As your new president of 15 minutes," he began, "I can tell you that bigger-all has happened."

With losses at the farm machinery

may be precisely the right time to be stepping in. "We've better move than half the leaders," says Black, who just recently assumed control of Angus Corp. which in turn owns 16.4 per cent of Massey shares (Black's, June 26). "To finish the job, there's no better person than Victor Rice." Some on the board disagree. It's that simple, noting that Thorsbrough remains chief executive officer.

Last week, however, it was Rice who led an executive group of eight in a Fairview, Panjet flying to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, for three weeks of meetings to

Too, there was trouble in the mid-1950s after Massey-Harris, as it had been called since 1931, merged with the British-based Harry Ferguson companies to become Massey-Harris-Ferguson until 1958 when Harris was dropped. Unprofitability had brought a management shake-up and Kansas-born Thorsbrough as president in 1959.

The cycle of worldwide bleeding his returned and his agents produced one seen at the top: Black has taken over former chairman W. B. Phillips' 14th-floor office at Massey, vacant since his death in 1964, complete with sitting room and shower. Rice will join him on the 14th when he returns to Canada

# WHY BOB RYERSE USES A PITNEY BOWES POSTAGE METER TO MAIL AS FEW AS FIVE LETTERS A DAY.

For 25 years now, the people of Simcoe, Ontario, have been buying their flowers from Bob Ryerse at Ryerse Brothers Flowers on Norfolk Street, North.

The place is a landmark with its breathtaking bloom of azaleas and geraniums planted around the grounds every spring. Bob runs the business with his wife Barb and their teenage daughter, Shelley, who helps out after school.

When Bob and Barb aren't taking care of their customers, they're taking care of their outgoing mail. Correspondence, statements and invoices—it's all essential and it all has to get out. As small as the flower shop is, Bob still found plenty of room to misplace or lose his stamps.

So just about five years ago, Bob and Barb got themselves a Pitney Bowes Touchmatic® postage meter.

"Today getting the mail out every day is an easy job," says Bob. "My Touchmatic not only meter stamps and moistens the envelopes fast, but it even keeps an automatic record of what I've spent on postage for the year."

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"Best of all," concludes Bob, "I've never lost, torn or misplaced a meter stamp. And with my postage meter, I always have the right denomination."

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**Pitney Bowes**



## An old woman on the way up

It was pure Southern court, wannabe-belle-bee at a Tupperware party and a Miss Georgia pageant. Mary Kay Ash, chairman of the \$90-million Mary Kay Cosmetics, Inc. of Dallas, Texas, coquettish but somewhat beefy corpus out of her pink Cadillac at the official opening of her Canadian subsidiary last week. To the catty snort of \$70,000 in diamonds jeweled from every conceivable appendage, she rolled over to the pink ribbon she would cut with pink tassels to launch her drive from Mississauga, Ontario against men, smoking reptiles in dove-to-hoor corporate suits. Later, someone asked the bluish group-gatherings how old she was. "I always say when I'm asked that question, the crowd, 'How did you feel you feel you were if you didn't know? I'm 24.'"

Mary Kay Ash may sound loath to belittle that reflecting Daily Personality hair is sun of Concordia and the brain of a marketing genius. In 15 years, she has built a cosmetics empire that last year made \$60-million profit on sales of \$49 million. Nine she and her son, Mary Kay President Richard Rogers, have turned her into a household name. And since December of last year, she has recruited more than 1,000 beauty consultants who by holding make-up parties in the living rooms of the nation's elite already

total \$1 million worth of face and body goods. They expect to double that next year.

Out as a Mary Kay executive miss, Mary Kay is a real paid money. "It's nothing people give." And unlike the 40,000 Mary Kay ladies (mostly Canadian do-overies) Mary Kay (and boy) have been known to earn on rare occasions, \$50,000 a month. The company is busy road to Amer (\$1.5 sales of \$16 billion, \$30 million in Canada), but can almost promise good income by concentrating on the highly profitable middle range of cosmetics (70 ml at six months for \$17) and because 40 companies "don't care" over makeup, an advantage three days when up is definitely subliminal.

The whole operation is fueled with Mary Kay's vision of glib personality. While son Richard manages the company's finances, her father is in 25 of 25, and her \$100-million fortune, Mary Kay concentrates on motivating her makeup followers to greater sales. She does so by buying her own unconventional run from underpaid overlooked women to cosmetic success, and by denying for credit demand beauty and pink Cadillac life for her success. If there is a contradiction between these aspects of success and a philosophy that says you needn't ponder to the status quo, it was unrecognized by Norman Vincent Pease when he awarded Mary Kay the *Honorary Award* earlier this year. "I just know that when I go to bed looking like Elizabeth Taylor and wake up looking like Charles de Gaulle, I really need Mary Kay cosmetics."

Ben Brown

Ash, grandma, what did you give you?



early next month six months ago, Chairman. Bob McDonald was 76, President Thoroughgood was 66. Today, McDonald is dead, Thoroughgood has taken another step out and the young bucks have arrived (Black himself is only 34).

It's a firm with a history tightly tied to Canada, beginning in 1947 with Daniel Massey, followed by his son, Hart, and some newfangled genius—the mechanical mover, the combine and the self-loader which revolutionized farming, ended the need for large farm families, ended settlement and cultivation of a vast country. This century, the Massey family has not its name to those two highest of Canadian ambitions: Vincent Massey, who was the last family member to run the firm, became governor-general, his brother, Raymond Massey, went to Hollywood and became famous for his Abraham Lincoln in *Abe Lincoln in America* among other roles.

Thoroughgood's legacy far be past two decades has been grown into the Third World but it was so stretched that it also stretched the first too far. Much of the turnaround already in place as Rice, financial specialist and witty marketing man, steps in. For example, the beleaguered West German construction equipment manufacturer, Massey-Ferguson, has been up for sale for six months, 6,000 employees around the world have been dismissed in the past year bringing the total down to 35,000, board meetings have been increased, two of the three executive vice-presidents heading the geographic regions and the head of Swiss-owned Perkins Engines have left. To name more personnel changes including fresh outside talent, geographic reorganizations and restructurings, many representatives of the corporate body up for sale. The only plants safe from sale will be tractor, harvester and diesel engine plants in Canada, the United States, France and the United Kingdom.

If reports floating out now are to be believed, weekly results should support the fourth quarter may show a modest profit. Next year, losses will be kept to the first half, but the firm promises that the full year will be profitable. "That," said Rice last week, "is a money on my back." He will put his own stamp on the place quickly, although major decisions will be taken by what he calls the holy trinity—himself, Black and Thoroughgood. Meanwhile, no one is more interested in how he'll do than he is himself. Claiming he hasn't yet been told his salary, he knows it won't be the \$374,000 paid former president Thoroughgood annually. At the moment, it matters not a whit, but next year is different. "I'll turn it around," he smiles, "I don't think I can be paid enough."

Harold McQueen

## Getting into the flow

It has been 200 years since explorers first stumbled upon the Alberta tar sands, a century since the first oil refining efforts to do something useful with the semi-solid, sticky, black substance. On Sept. 13, 20 years of planning, five years of construction, and \$1.2 billion in costs culminated at the official opening of the Syncrude Canada Ltd. plant, the second oil sands facility in Alberta. By 1982, it will account for seven per cent of all the oil produced in Canada.

Both Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed and Energy Minister Don Getty turned up for the ceremonies, but the Alberta government, with 10 per cent of the action, is only one of Syncrude's six partners. The bulk of the costs of development of the platform also included Federal Energy Minister Alister Gilstrap (35 per cent), Ontario Deputy Energy Minister Malcolm Ross (5 per cent) and loans from Imperial Oil, Canada-Oil Service and Gulf Oil.

Initially, the synthetic crude oil almost failed to get the opening day. Since Sept. 1, when Syncrude went into production without fanfare, 60,000 barrels of oil a day have been flowing the 320 miles south to Edmonton. An equipment failure had caused an oil leak in the field where the heavy oil is upgraded. A resulting fire took half an



Syncrude's plant, the largest of its kind in the world: does the heavy oil heat?

hour to clean and employees (showered through the night to get the clean working again at half speed—just before the opening day dawned. By 1982, however (and perhaps before), production will double to 120,000 barrels a day, and could increase by half as much again by the mid-1990s.

It takes for steady work and steady profits. Syncrude's order book never shows fewer than two to three years' worth of customer orders, but with characteristic South Sea resource, he refuses to discuss his prospects. All he will tell you about the 60-bushel he is working on is that "it's a two-month supply (shower and get) for an American housewife."

For about \$1 million, you get that kind of privacy from Syncrude, his family and four other men who take up to two years helping him craft boats. Against a backdrop of ship design of which they built sailing boats and forth on Mahone Bay, they are now showing down more than 500 boats from a 200-year-old oak for the keel, ribs and planks. Two weeks run the black shop and will left, and Mary's wife, Florence, does the bookkeeping. Only Mary designs the ships, as did his father and grandfather before him.

Every boat they build is faster than the last. Included in those numbers is the Atlantic, built at Expo 67, and the Margaret-Alex, which is based on the last-built Ketchikan who runs up the bay's annual International Schooner Race (a tradition that began with the

As the ceremony, speaker after speaker proclaimed such plans to be Canada's future energy hope. However, with the only other plant, Great Canadian Oil Sands, on strike, and the start-up problems, the 600 protestants who hanged around the massive 27-acre site by bus, could be exposed a certain what-and-one place in their eyes as they headed home as the weekend.

Stefanie Zanar

## Yes, they do make 'em like that any more

The days on Nova Scotia's Second Avenue have been warm of late, even warmer for Murray Stevens as he pours 10 tons of molten lead into the newly formed keel of his latest yacht, commencing Murray D. Stevens Limited's huge steel boatworks at an Eastman's Beach at the end of a gravel road which winds through the quiet scenery of Lunenburg County, Nova. Every keel poured is a millionth of a ton. The iron men who built wooden ships a hundred years ago have nearly disappeared from Nova Scotia, victims of a progress that sold their art was obsolete. Where there were once about 100 sailing companies there are now two dozen, and most of those are more builders. Only Stevens' yard will both design and build to order a boat of any size and stipulation. Every two or three years, he adds another beauty to a Nova Scotia tradition that has been his family's responsibility for three generations.

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Stevens in 1861) they trained their hopes of victory and skinned home after witnessing her sea trials.

The colors are balanced with smaller operations (inspired by the south of the main shop building smaller boats for special order yachts) marine woods and ropes, doing the inevitable repairs and rigging for outside boats. Stevens is actually sensitive to the ever-renewed problems of getting and keeping his business the right size. "Stevens yards get to the stage of being too big for small boats and too small for big boats," he says. "That's one of the things that happened to the dragger (sailing boat) industry in Nova Scotia. Right now we run most economically building craft between 40 and 70 feet." Getting building supplies presents monumental problems (truck is best but costly, train cheap but inefficient), as does, he says, "various federal government departments who seem to disagree rather than encourage local free enterprise." Still, whatever the obstacles, the long and strong tradition of his family's boats has across Stevens and Nova Scotia well, and should do for some time. That, and some help from the wind.

Jim Cooper





or, in the vernacular of the game, those ancestors who had hung them up.

In their futuristic projections, it was the consensus of Ali and his corner that the thing that would give destiny's test would be an encounter of the third kind. Which essentially brings us to Leon Spinks.

It is ironic here that Ali and Floyd Patterson are the only men who ever retained the heavyweight crown. No man in the annals of the ring ever pulled off the hat trick. It was agreed that if Ali managed that, he, like Franklin Delano Roosevelt—who contended in his game every four years—would stand alone in the history books. Ali would swoon at the thought of this coup. And add to that the religious distinction of being the first Muslim man to be doubly reborn, which would set only give him the edge over the Christian Jimmy Carter, but over Jimmy's spiritual ancestor as well Peter expanded his rock on less.

But of course the flaw in the scenario

Ali, knowing he's got it in the bag, reacts to the crowd hert between the 12th and 16th rounds, and teaches Spinks a lesson (below) no pro like an old pro

## The kid never had a chance

By Joe Flaherty

Let us begin with a true story. The emphasis is on true because what follows is perhaps clouded by chicanery, at the very least, incorporated by ego. But on to the eternal verity.

Muhammad Ali, whose sense of history begins with "I" and ends with "me," so times past used to sit in the office of Teddy Brenner, recently retired matchmaker of Madison Square Garden, and talk of his favorite subject. The conversation included not only memories of things past but projections of things future. That is, how Ali could dupe unborn generations with his achievements? It was presumed Allah would inform the generations bygone



was that Ali had to lose his title. Considering his choice of opponents in those days, this seemed unlikely. They were well-known trial horses, stooges in the manner that it is better to reserve than to give. But Leon Spinks was a fresh face (which on occasion is as hard as you can get about his face).

Leon had had seven pro fights with opponents who were intent on giving whatever had name in the seven light. Spinks won five adversaries, drew to one, Scott LeDoux, and defeated Alfio Righetti, a racy Italian entry who indeed performed as if he needed a tune-up.

When Ali chose Spinks as his opponent Feb. 25 in Las Vegas, the cash-flower opponents rightfully raised. But in, and behold, the unheralded Spinks possessed the champion across 15 rounds and capped the heavyweight crown. This fact was so shocking there was a movement about to give the ghost of Wendell Willkie a resuscitation in his Roosevelt bust.

It was then that Ali launched a public relations campaign without precedent. To make, not set, straighten but to pre-empt, he pulled a Nixon and attacked the press. He said it was the press who had taken Spinks too lightly and daped the innocent Ali into not training. He damned Spinks was made of sterner stuff and was a veritable closet type. For anyone besides Ali, this language would have been impenetrable. But it must be remembered that it was he who had transformed black fighters into Great White Hopes. He claimed the media had killed him into sparring only 50 rounds for the first Spinks fight, then claimed that, during his preparation for "The Third Coming," the number was actually 10.

History books began to be strewn about like confetti. Not only would he regain his title for the third time, he would do it in New Orleans, where James J. Corbett took the irascible John L. Sullivan, and to boot, do it in the Superdome where the "Confrontation of the Century" would witness the record 125-million live sale for Dempsey-Tunney at Soldier's Field in Chicago.

And come they did. Some 76,000 paying \$6 million. Among them were such exorbitant paymasters as John Travolta, Liza Minnelli, Hugh O'Brian and Lerone Greene, a sample of political hacks, and the more honest element of pimps and hookers. "The Third Coming" T-shirts were being hawked outside at \$10 a pop, which to the uninitiated is cheap enough for a sacramental vestment. Liturgical chains of "Ali, Ali, Ali" filled the air.

Ali appeared in midnight white trunks with a black stripe, bowing to retirement. After all, "The Third Coming" was



Ali striking a right to Spinks' head, something he did several of with such punch

quadrant enough. Spinks, obviously believing the hype Ali bestowed on him, was resplendent in regal red and gold, missing the point that sacrifices are also the favorites of celebrities.

For three rounds it was interesting and, although Ali was outlasting Spinks, there was the possibility that the 35-year-old kid's enemy might wear down the 36-year-old Ali. There was no doubt the kid had honest aspirations, and he proved it by landing with his eyes. Only Ali's soaring skills (his reflexes are all but gone) saved it from becoming a shambles. Those days Ali is capable of missing the proverbial side of a bare foot. But on the fourth round proceeded, the sham was up.

Spinks's only tactic was frustrated lashing (upon the dubious device of trying to uproot Ali's hands with his head). In the clinches, Spinks started to look however, hoping for divine intervention or at least some reinforcement of Ali's pre-fight estimate of him. Perhaps his glory might be etched on the dome ceiling?

Ali started to call up a forgotten weapon, his left hook, which he hasn't

successfully used in years. His reliable right-hand lead, which is a classic under punch only to be applied to nervous, startled or hard repeatedly.

At the conclusion of the fifth, Ali let the rest of us in on the hype. After a big round, he shot Spinks a scornful look over his shoulder as he walked to his corner. In the seventh he put downright disrespect when he laid a shuffler on the baffled Spinks. It was cowardly time.

Spinks now totally reverted to the sweater he in his punches became as wide. Great Weller could stand safely in their parenthetical breath. He started to slap with the palms of his gloves. Ali then poked him at will, embellishing the travesty with shuffles and strut.

In the sixth, Spinks was four rounds only because Ali wanted in the 14th and 22nd. But it was testimony to Ali's decline that the kid went the distance.

At the post-fight press conference Ali forestalled his promised retirement. Only a damn fool would give up \$35-million payday like this, and nobody has accused Ali's of slipping.

As for his worst, he begged the miracle he had wrought—which brings us back to the truth: a miracle indeed did occur, but not the one Ali had tried to



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still. Ali's enormous achievement is that he had convinced Spence, the public, and many members of the press that this gross amateur was a worthy contender — and he created this illusion on a mere seven months. (For those into symbolism, the number "7" figures largely in creation.)

But one should not be too cynical about

all this. After all, one can view Spence's forcing elevation (the shortest reign by a heavyweight champ in history) as a blessing bestowed on a ghetto kid — but only if one can ignore the beauty that befell Ali and the promoters.

But then again, scholars and collectors traditionally have gone blind in pocket. It is so recorded in history.



## The Argo bounce; Leo is de-fanged

And he smelled it, the marijuana smoke wafting through paths of St. Louis night. It had been an omen for millionaire billionaire William Hodgson. The smoke signals during the game between Montreal Alouettes and Toronto Argonauts were coming from seats on the Skyway line, an area normally frequented by well-heeled season-ticket holders whose noses can more to lighting than starting fires.

But many who'd held the best seats in the house for decades stayed home. Youthful interlopers bought their \$10.50 tickets for 90 from missing seniors and had then invaded the sanctum of the most exclusive patrons in hockey: in hockey. The block had been busted, so to speak.

Hodgson would have had difficulty detecting the smell of red grass that day. Such was the fragrance of the game on the carpeted field that at some point Hodgson and his general manager Dick Shatta decided that it was time for another Argo bounce. They gave it to coach Leo Cahill after the

Cahill and (above) Shatta, coaches may come and often go but the front office hangs on forever

game and a day later to assistant coach Jim Rosentre, who'd been with the team 27 years. So began the latest episode in the Argo situation comedy.

The Toronto media took a stab at identifying the script writer, literally in some cases, resulting in a mad-swing between Cahill and reporters. But Cahill's firing (he was first fired by the Argos in 1972) proved that whatever's wrong, it taken more than a Second Coming to cure it.

Inevitably the focus must turn to Hodgson. As the "majority owner" he has done well. Fans have kept filing in despite the team's penchant for losing. But as a dabbling owner, Hodgson first brought in as general manager a defensive lineman from arch-rival Hamilton, whose previous experience was running

his own restaurant. Then for a coach, he hired a man whose claim to fame had been trying for three years to turn O.J. Simpson into a blocking back. Meanwhile, former Argo running back Shatta was appointed for his present job by modeling clothes and selling swimming pools.

The message, however, is that it has been Hodgson's money that paid him and pointing the Argo's way all along.

"What the Argos have," says former-Argo all-star defensive tackle Granville Lagunas, "is an owner who is really just a fan." Lagunas, now with Hamilton, was cut by Argos last year when they suddenly discovered (after seven years) that he was too small to play his position.

Ray Nettles, another former all-star Argo now with Hamilton, says, "Hodgson calls the shots and Shatta is a puppet." Cahill, who in his eight-year night tenure is the winningest coach in the team's history, has been the best of coaches that the team lacked discipline.

"Hell, the last time I was here, I had guys that were renegades who'd make these guys look like little boy blue," Cahill says. "Mel Probst, Dick Thornton, Bobby Taylor — I mean they were unmanageable. But we had a 10-4 record two seasons and we got to the Grey Cup." No Argo team has done that since.

Cahill is reluctant to point the finger directly at the front office. Like previous coaches silenced by Hodgson's peculiar philanthropic province plan, Cahill will be paid for the remaining year on his contract. He joins Ross Jackson, the man he replaced 1½ years ago, who is still being paid by the team.

Not in Hodgson's language limited to reparation. He also provides a haven—though not necessarily a storm-free one—for ex-coaches who founder elsewhere. Hodgson and Shatta approved Cahill's firing of Bud Riley as an assistant after Riley was ousted by Winnipeg. Riley is now head coach. Perhaps the most ironic hiring of all is that of Tom Dimitroff who was let go by Hamilton. While with the Tiger Cats, Dimitroff's principle disposition was coaching the only team Argos have decisively beaten this season.

Above and beyond Argos' personnel problems, fans talking rather than realizing the necessary optics to help them through the game could not at more empty seats—an unprecedented occurrence under Hodgson or Cahill. Season ticket holders in Toronto say at last he's making the first faltering steps of a fan revolt. Team ranks would break quickly with a few Argo veterans, but there's nothing to suggest that anything so dramatic is in the team's immediate future. Wayne Lilley

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because there are writeoffs for completed films, but very little in the way of development money."

Co-productions aside, why were the two leading actors (Ricky Katt and Jean-Pierre L  aud) in *Zoro* (Schubert), which will be released next week, not Canadian? They couldn't sell tickets to a dog show. Nor could the supposedly successful *Ellie Satter*, imported and sold \$100,000 for *I Miss You, They and Kisses*, partially financed by the CRTC. A leading actress for 25 years, Frances Hyland has to scramble for \$25,000.

The irony that is also known as the Canadian film industry, showing its top one-fourth and catching all the light on the surface, has been regressed underneath. For some time the Canadian film industry has been unwittingly larding the coffers of a bunch of Winnipeg dentists and Toronto lawyers who were using production of Canadian movies for their brilliant tax-deferral schemes. And here's why so many Canadian movies have been so potent:

Before 1965 and the 100-per-cent write-off (meaning, the rules governing investment were different provisions, as long as they invested a sizable amount, got a 60-per-cent writeoff on the total cost of the movie, without paying on the total cost.) (Nowadays, an investor must write a promissory note that he'll pay the total cost.) An investor puts \$50,000 into a movie that costs \$300,000 to make. Even though his original outlay was only \$50,000, he could sock off 60 per cent from \$300,000—or \$180,000, quite a drop from his zeroes has broken. The government allowed this because it assumed it would get back the tax on the entire \$300,000 when the investor paid his taxes on the profits he made from the movie. Except, the investor and his colleagues in chicanery made as sure as they could that they

backed a deal more that didn't have a fighting chance of showing a profit. If the movie did show a profit, the investor was no further ahead and the "deal" backfired the way it did on *Zoro* (Mostel in Neil Brooks' *The Producer* when his Broadway show, *Springtime for Hitler*, was so awful it became a hit. Investors stopped movies from making profits, and naturally these Canadian movies had a monopoly on mediocrity. All told, the investor makes money a penny saved on taxes being a penny earned.

This tax trick is called *leveraging*, the possibilities of which, as one Toronto lawyer put it, "brought out the wheel rats in droves." The beginning of the end began when Revenue Canada began to reassess every movie deal made since 1973, starting with an inept little item called *Miniscope* (Dimit), backed by a bunch of Toronto lawyers, released as *Miniscope's Last Stand* for two weeks in a Toronto theatre (To make sure a film flops, publicity is avoided and it gets taken *disastrously*). The *Miniscope* test case should be settled in late fall, and there are a battery of others in follow.

The future of the film industry is "going down the tube." Investor confidence is cooling. Given the general economic recession, an investor might feel more comfortable with the company of pre-

ferred stocks instead of a feature film, and the tax department's reassessments make it difficult for him to pull a fast one.

The CRTC, which has directly funded movies to the tune of \$30-million (less than the budget for the upcoming *The Work*, is dependent upon the secretary of state's budget—recently slashed by \$300-million. The CRTC, the major funder for Canadian film output, has had its budget cut by \$71 million. The figure isn't as bad as they appear to be, contends Secretary of State John Roberts, but says that it will be the "small" money (more short subjects and documentaries, the world stereotype of Canadian film) that will be made. Earlier this year Roberts tried to minister to the ailing industry through a proposed 10-per-cent tax on distribution, revenues, which would have doubled the CRTC funds. His suggestion was greeted by his cabinet pals (not big on culture) as though one of Satan's minions had passed wind.

"The movie" climate is good, but to have national growth money has to be certain. It's a chicken-and-egg situation—you can't make money without stars, and you can't get stars without money." (Laments 30-year veteran Allan King (Korvenkall), *Who Has Seen the Wind?*). The Canadian public can't be all that concerned; a recent urban survey conducted for *Weekend* magazine revealed that nearly a third of those polled have never even seen a Canadian movie. *Surpassing* the problem of making Canadian movies is selling them.

"Publicity is the last thing that should be cut out of a picture's budget," says publicity helmsman Stephenson, "but it's always the first. What good is it if you have the most wonderful movie in the world and six people come to see it?" A publicity director for a \$3-million Canadian movie currently being shot is typical of the lack of savvy in the film industry's public relations field. "Well, we all know," he said, suggesting the suggestion that it be typed in the U.S. as well as Canada, "if a movie's a hit in Canada, it will be a big hit in the States." No hinting of eyelashes was recorded.

"Everything's addition and subtraction. The rest is conventional," explains a businessman offering John Garfield a bribe to throw the fight in *Body and Soul*. Canadian movies have, like fights, been "thrown," by the add-on-like machinations of the money-men.

At the Festival of Festivals there's lots of "conventional."

Somewhere, a Winnipeg dentist is watching *Neenan Can Wait*, and smiling.

But Canadian movies will be made by those who want to do just that—make movies. Or is that a pipe dream? □

Critics

## Buttoned down rebel



Dear Diary, I used to be the urban guerrilla of Toronto city politics. I dressed in blue jeans and leather jacket, terrorizing other members of council with my outrageous remarks. Once, a top Metro official cried when I called him a liar. Another time, a jilted alderman howled my plagues off. But times have changed. I wear a nice blue suit now, and a shirt and a tie. I temper my remarks. Some people say I've matured. But actually, I'm maturing for major.

Like Sewell would not put it quite like that, but back in 1977, when he really did keep a city hall diary, he made the useful notation: "One of my most damaging discoveries has been how much people want politicians to be traditional." How could he know that seven years later that line might serve as his political epitaph? Then, he was a naive and idealistic lawyer with a well-honed sense of moral outrage aimed at

John Sewell as outrageous alderman (right) and as the unlikely major radical chic.

developers, far-out politicians and anyone else he figured was exploiting the city. It was David Crombie—the original moderate elected as a "reform mayor" in 1978—who persuaded over what has been called the flowering of Toronto. But it was John Sewell who became a dramatic symbol of new city politics, dedicated to preserving neighborhoods, protecting residents' rights, and making the downtown—sans ex-penns and high-rises—more livable. Now, with Crombie's final departure last month to run as a Conservative in the riding of Hantsdale in the Oct. 16 federal by-election, Toronto has become, for the first time in six years, a city up for grabs.

And it is John Sewell, who began his political life in 1960 as the enforcer-terrible of city hall and graduated into a grudgingly respected leader of the op-



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James Duff

Loren (right), and Joe Farrow and David Green in "Who Has Seen The Wind." Will it be a TV, not TV, will it be a very good year.





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position, who is hoping that by Nov. 18, a majority of the city's 450,000 voters will view him as the logical heir to Crombie's legacy. Raising against him are two men of very different sensibilities. Lawyer David Smith, 47, the executive chairman for the affluent north end (Ward 1), was assumed by everyone to have federal rather than municipal ambitions. Since 1978, he has acted as Crombie's deputy-mayor and whip, lobbying for votes, taking on jobs on his behalf that no one else wanted to do.

Tom O'Donohue, a 48-year-old engineer who has been around city hall since the mid-1960s, has already run once for mayor and lost. He is a conservative politician with strong roots in the west end, and among ethnic voters.

Of the three, the laziest, 57-year-old Sewell is by far the most interesting, partly because he has remained an outsider on what was regarded as a reform council and still managed to have impact. While Crombie guided council through the process of adopting a central-area plan that has changed the shape of Toronto, Sewell harried it into to go further, he thought. Often arrogant, many times intemperate in his comments, Sewell made drastic allies and bitter enemies among politicians and media.

"Stop Sewell!" exclaimed a recent editorial in *The Toronto Star*, which has been trying to stop him ever since it was *The Toronto Telegram*. But Dick Dedman, *The Globe and Mail's* champion of the little guy rhapsodized: "Those who vote against him [on council] are either envious or scared. They can't out-think him or outwork him. All the impoverished plebeians can do is envious him."

By contrast, David Smith neither generates nor excites that level of passion, except when he's on the subject of Sewell. "In the central-area plan, Sewell voted opposite to Crombie on 36 of 37 environmental issues. For Sewell to say he's running to consolidate the gains of the last six years is like Joe Clark running on Trudeau's record." Smith is less articulate when asked why he wants to be mayor. "That's a difficult question. First, I guess, because there is a vacancy."

Despite the securing of some editorial writers to their typewriters in an effort to bring the city to its senses, Sewell's chances look good. He is very well-known. "In fact," he says gleefully, "I am the sole candidate. People know me, they know where I stand." One of his campaign themes—a drive to deal with the appalling fact that only 18 per cent of the people who live in this city are able to buy a house, in board to appeal to a cross-section of voters.

The natural disinclination toward development, however, might pose a problem with the segment of the city that

tends to believe its own press releases as to what a sophisticated person Toronto has become. But Toronto has undoubtedly changed in the last decade, with the ceiling Coombe getting much of the credit for the delicate balance now existing between the build build



David Smith (above) and Tony O'Donohue, rival from Toronto's affluent north end and out of the ethnic west.



build and the more aware some factions. In fact, he is receiving credit for other more startling achievements as well. In a wonderful burst of hyperbole that the politically committed are as very good at, Sewell supporter Richard O'Brien told him, "You're a realist." It has been suggested that Crombie's legacy to the history of Toronto will be that he made it possible for John Sewell to become mayor.

Jeffrey Timms/Graham Fraser

## Science

# Getting a jump on the whole wired world

The sound of a few dramatic, crystal crashes and trumpet fanfares echoing out of the corridors of the department of communications in Ottawa would certainly seem justified.

Unleashed on Aug. 15 was a new tool that will make all the prospective survivors of future communications possible a two-way computerized TV dubbed Videotex that will convert each household into an electronic action central, from which a family can order new clothes, bank, attend university or receive special medical aid. "What it amounts to," says Herbert Bowe, manager of the department's small Videotex Research Group, "is the communications media for the future information society." But what the dramatics should really celebrate are a few Ottawa scientists on a shoestring budget who, despite the national technological inferiority complex, have created a system that out-does all the present experimental two-way TV technologies—including systems from France, Germany and England, years in the testing and millions of dollars in the making. Because of their work, Canada,

despite its entrepreneurial inferiority complex, has a shot at cornering the world electronics information market.

Videotex came as something of a shock even Bell Canada, Southern and Toronto, who announced an electronic information marketing scheme just a few days after the Videotex preview, had no idea that the department of communications had come up with so good a two-way TV system—they were planning to experiment with Britain's Prestel. But as research projects go this one has been tiny. Eight to 10 researchers worked away for five years on a budget

of \$1 million (the British have spent 1200 million so far) hardly money to keep Canada's civil servants in socks. But Herbert Bowe, Minister of Communications, Jeanne Seavey, and Alphonse Desautel, chairman of the Communications Research Advisory Board, have been looking that it will revolutionize

the electronics industry. Saudi eggs were efforts to compete with floods of cheaper products from electronics giants such as Japan and the U.S. have underwritten Canada's industry: two-thirds of the \$3 billion of electronics equipment sold here in 1977 were imports. "By the mid-1990s," says Bowe, "Videotex could create a phenomenal \$2.4-billion market here, not to mention an estimated 30,000 jobs at the overseas from sales outside the country."

This fall the new technology will venture out into the international battlefield with the first of a series of international Telecommunications Union meetings to set the international standards for two-way TV technology. The conference is set for Paris Oct. 30 to 31. And the federal government is footing the bill for the Videotex researchers to present a paper at that meeting, a chance to compete with the other major systems, the British Prestel and France's Telenet for patents,



Scopely map (right), the best British Prestel can do, and some map (in TV scan via Canadian-designed Videotex).





articles and, lessening from other countries interested in importing the technology. A good chance to become the exporter rather than the importer, says Dave Wright, information officer with the department of communications. "There's always been the impression that Canadians can't do technology, but we can. What we haven't been able to do is help at the financial opportunities to market our stuff. I don't want to see us have the lead and blow it again."

Videotex's superiority to its European counterparts is unquestionable. Its graphic capabilities are much more impressive. People's version of a map of Canada has the squared-off look of a Lego construction. The Videotex map looks like a map of Canada—which may not seem earthshaking but is a major advance in computer imaging. British and French technologies are clearly tied to today's TV receiver technology, a limitation Wright says will render them obsolete in a matter of a few years. But Videotex is built to handle all foreseeable technical changes for the next 10 or 30 years. While the European systems must tie into a central data bank, one never hooked up. Canfield-style can communicate with another directly—terminal to terminal. Which means that information marketing (an expected \$700-million operation by 1985) won't be the exclusive property of large corporations.

articles such as Turner and Sachdev, though as A. Roy Magarry, a former vice-president of Turner and the new publisher of *The Globe and Mail*, says, the print media deserve their share—they'll be hard hit when information goes electronic.

The "wired city" is what the technology will be—a community living together by television sets. In Columbia, Ohio, Warner Communications has been running a \$8,000-subscriber field test of a system called Qube since last December—a mere infant of two-way TV technology compared with Videotex. Yet Columbus viewers, via the five "response" buttons on their Qube control boxes, can "touch in" to the central data bank to compete in game shows, give local politicians the instant raspberry, vote on the talk show host's new haircut. Adding the Videotex options of searching stuff in and pulling stuff out of data banks, the possibilities for information trading and marketing seem infinite.

The "information society" is another name for it. At this moment, Qube's Columbus computer (relatively unphased when compared with the new Canadian machinery) knows how many—and which—of its 80,000 subscribers are tuned in, whether they're watching the soft-porn channel or the 500 news, which response button each is hitting—and it checks every six seconds. Though Warner protests the sim-

ilitude of its consumers and is aware of how carefully such gathered information must be guarded, the corporation does hope to make lucrative reforms on its initial \$13-million investment from the free-wheel market research a tool like Qube can provide. But when does invasion of privacy begin? "We have a time bomb here," says Harlan Kleiman, Qube's vice-president of programing. He knows that the spontaneous ban of pushing a response button to talk back to the television could result in an escalating round of belabored open to misinterpretation and abuse, and that the new utility will probably have to look to government for legal safeguards.

With Videotex field tests scheduled to begin in April, and the system expected to be fully commercial by 1985, there is little time left for the social dangers to be anticipated and legislated against. Says Roy Magarry, thrilled by the new opportunities for information exchange, not to mention profit—and definitely one of the wisest not the wired—has his reservations. "The prospect of 150 million North American adults representing an immediate opening on a major event or a major issue that has emerged within the space of a few hours has a frightening aspect to it." Hello participatory democracy. Or is it Hello Mr. Orwell.

Alisa Bailey/Anne Collins

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ART

## Those not-so-obscure objects of disgust

During Mark Prent's last show in Toronto in 1974 his dealer, Arcora Inc., was charged by the morality squad of the Metro Toronto Police with "knowingly, without lawful justification or excuse, publicly exhibiting a disgusting object." A year and a half later a Toronto grand jury decided not to proceed with the case. Legally aside, most people find Prent's sculpture disgusting indeed. There is no other way to describe his terrifyingly realistic portrayals of imaginary freaks, cripples, monsters, mutants, and assorted human horrors.

Undeterred by his past brushes with the law, the feisty blues will be mounting a third exhibition of Prent's work this month. Two more shows are slated for Montreal—at the Sir George Williams University gallery in December, and another in early 1979 at the Museum of Contemporary Art. All work displayed will be new, most of it having been completed recently in Europe; prices range from \$50 to \$40,000 for his most elaborate production—a room filled with (among other things) disembodied heads floating in water.

In the eyes of the world, except Toronto, Mark Prent, 36, is a sculptor of major importance—the only Canadian to have been exhibited at Amsterdam's prestigious Stedelijk Museum. In 1975 Prent was invited to Berlin, all expenses paid, to do whatever he wanted. (He figures he cost the Berlin Art Program at least \$20,000.) His European reputation

"Pinchman" (1978) the kids realize it's only plastic but adults have dirty minds.

movements are quick, jerky, full of energy. The son of a Polish hardware salesman, he resembles a young Munchausen. Slight, and cradles a personality utterly at variance with the assorted horrors of his work. Shaky and short, he is dwarfed by the high ceilings of his huge and expensive Victorian apartment in downtown Montreal and by Susan, the artist he shares it with. Together they look like a surreal Stan and Ollie. "I'm an average, everyday guy," he insists. "I'm not weird, my work is strange, that's all."

And how. One of his more elaborate pieces features a doll's display case in which various parts of the human body—mixed breasts and smeared thighs—are pressed and ready to sell. A jar on top of the counter is full of pickled pennies, also for sale. The work is called... *And Is There Anything Else? Fuck Lids, Mothers!* In another construction, *Sleeping Is Very Important*, he has created a refrigerated store-room where human caravans, each graded and stamped, hang on enormous meathooks



Prent and the objects of his attacks: two unfilled types (1978) and, peering from behind, constant companion Susan

is growing and a number of museums have expressed interest in some of his larger pieces.

But who is Mark Prent and why does he do these terrible sculptures? When asked he flinches an oversized smile which almost blisters his eyes. His

while awaiting the butcher's knife. A more recent effort, and one which the artist finds humorous, is *The First*, a small black figure straggled, like a baby, into its walker; the head reels, the eyes squirt, and a thick grey liquid drips from its open mouth.

"I can view mutilation as a problem of esthetics," says Prent. "My works are disgusting only to people whose minds are disgusting." His intention has never

been to shock the audience. He claims it's the reaction of children who've seen his work that confirms his attitude. "For a long time and time again that kids love it. They laugh, jump up and down and have great fun. They know it's fantasy and not real. It's the adults who protest. The kids realize it's only plastic."

Prent's avowed intention is "to freeze a moment of fantasy. I want to see these things, and I can't find them anywhere, so I have to make them. I find it exciting, stimulating, and fun to create my fantasy." Completely absorbed in the physical processes his sculpture involves, he describes his methods of working at great length and in considerable detail. For even the smallest piece weeks of painstaking work are required, a complete worker, he will spend from 55 to 80 hours at a stretch in his studio when the spirit moves him.

The fantasies themselves are a different matter, he makes no effort to understand their origin or meaning. "I haven't got any ideas. I've never related my imagery to what's going on in the world. I know it's hard for people to accept there's no message but I would be lying through my teeth if I said there was. I am not Prent and don't pretend to be." His major preoccupation is with beauty. "It's primarily a question of texture and color. There's no death in my mind that my stuff is beautiful. I can't think of another word for it. I've never done a piece that I can look back at and say, 'If I did it over again I'd do it differently.' I look back at them and I'm totally satisfied. I'm prepared to be judged on any piece I've done. That's how strongly I feel and how much I put into each piece."

Most surprising of all perhaps is the survival of such an artist. Who would want to buy his sculptures? The only large piece he's sold so far is *Death in the Chair*, purchased by Canada Council's Art Bank last year for \$12,800. Canada has sold half a dozen smaller pieces in the last five years. What enables Prent to continue to create "In terms of grants and fellowships," says Susan, "nobody can touch him—he's really cleaned up on them." Prent first received assistance from the Canada Council in 1971 when awarded \$3,500. That figure has grown steadily; this year he got \$67,000. West Germany and the United States have also supported him.

And so he continues days spent working in his studio, evenings at home with Susan, and an occasional Sunday dinner at his parents' house. He remains a reclusive and well-mannered, quietly producing sculpture that could put his father behind bars.

Christopher Hume

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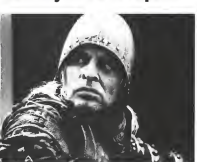


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# A funny thing happened on the way to the conquest



AGUIRRE: THE WRATH OF GOD Directed by Werner Herzog

**T**he outlaws peel through swirling mist, rising in a stunning overhead shot as expedition party of 16th-century explorers making a serpentine procession down the side of a mountain. There are buns, pigs and Virgin Marys, carried by natives sweating in heavy sun under the hot Peruvian sun. Inca slaves bear a hellbeast on a litter, velvet and lace, reverently, poised above the mad. The cortege is taking toward El Dorado, legendary city of gold. Thus begins Werner Herzog's *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*, a high-wire mark of the German film renegade's so perceptive about the hell power wields on the powerless.

The maddest party finds it expedient to divide up, a subaltern in one group, Aguirre (Klaus Kinski), wants to "produce history as others produce plays" and claim El Dorado for himself. Overruling the appointed leader and overthrowing a Godfearful king (Peter Berling) royally suited to seducing and staging out of the way, Aguirre takes charge as tyrant. He's a natural demagogue: his glances are reptilian, his speech raucous, terse commands reminiscent of the Führer's, and, cheered with argument, he reforms planning with regal. Backed on a large raft on the Amazon he's bored, and boredom breeds

melancholy, the pace idling, and the rhythms periling, like the river's.

Herzog's masterstroke is to have made an adventure story and, simultaneously, to demystify it. The trip up the Amazon to El Dorado is the stuff of pure adventure when will the next haulsters of serfdom jet out from the riverbank, and where are the next charming rapids? But any romantic notion isn't supported by the time taken ("It isn't one thing it's another...") and, pulled into the narrative, you're wrenched out.

Narrated by a dead man—a priest offering everybody unfeeling platitudes and reassurance more about gold brocade vestments than convention—Aguirre, odd as it might seem, is Herzog's *Sunset Boulevard* (also told by a dead man). Like the faded artist star Norma Desmond, Aguirre is terrified of anarchy and the free, it seems, is the shogun blast that starts off say race for power. Alone on the raft, hallucinating future days of wrath, the demagogue looks around: the raft has been taken over by a horde of small monkeys—the rats in crazy Norma's empty swimming pool.

The only possible comment, Aguirre's martyr, Herzog implies, is to play the periphery as high black comedy. "Look how close the arrow is," a soldier says to Otello (Edward G. Robinson), the only black man in the party, referring to the modest pretensions in a victim's neck. "Perhaps they're dwarfs," Otello muses reflexively. An about-to-be-decapitated dissenter is counting red—sceptic—the severed head lands some feet away. Silence and the last member building out from the mouth. Another man, run through by a spear, manages to blurt out before dying, "Long arrows are giving fashion."

It's so audible (and witty, if gruff) that Aguirre is left on the raft with monkeys during that final, deafening dance of the canyons. A reminder of where—and who—Aguirre—and power—come from. While gloss Herzog's savage masterpiece the wackily funny lack that leaves you reeling.

Lawrence O'Toole

Kinski: It's lonely at the top, isn't it?

new greed for power. The men are hallucinating, the former leader hanged, and a dissenter decapitated. As his power wanes, agonies, the dissenter wiles, incredulity increases.

Aguirre is a comedy of subservience—and not since Robert Altman's *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* has a movie starred itself in such glistering beauty. Herzog's cinematographer, Thomas Mauch, has photographed the Amazon as though he were painting in oils—a painted raft upon a painted river, small splashes of red that have a ritual of frenzied drops of blood spluttering a brutally green leaf, all the chilling color of the jungle. The imagery is ex-

## Brief Encounters

**Maria Anna:** Without a script to help her, Annette Bening gives the first white woman to live in the Canadian west the heart of a lioness.

**Corvette Summer:** Coming of age in Vegas. Amiable and then sexy, featuring a stunning new comic discovery, Anna Paquin as a seductress/hit lady. Review when *Corvette Summer* is shown. *Cherry Chase* takes a pratfall as a detective but Golda Hawn, a

witty unwitting bystander, was all the laughs.

**Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band:** Peter Frampton, George Brown, the Sex Generation and their teeth. Proudly playful about a fantasy tale to this part of the Beatles.

**The Buddy Holly Story:** Gary Busey is diabolical and magnetic in his first lead role of the early rock 'n' roll star.

**Melanie Poma:** The dubbed English version of the pro-feminist nursing a husband for wife. *Someone's Daughter* has a sister scene from *St. Teresa of Avila*.

# There's nothing wrong with the CBC —nothing a total purge couldn't fix

By William Casselman

**I**f the CBC is the oldest where on the black Early next month old Melchior Corp. will limp before the CBC, despite its withered days in the flames of the commitment and pressure to be all things to all men. If it is CBC (hence renewal time, why then, you ask, do my eyes resemble peach pits? Well, I have just perused the official CBC submission to the CRTC in support of its applications for renewal of federal licenses.

The report is 280,000 words long, feebly started up in three heavy volumes.

Early candid but full of confusion, it consists of a hefty dollop of puff. Nor was it the bureaucratic BS that would me, nor the impenetrable prose. No, it was the content. Here we find out what the CBC has done in radio and television, what it plans to do, and how much this industry will cost as also debtly issues. How the CBC treated Canada and why, if Canada is to survive, so should the CBC. Yet no one has ever proved this claim, personal, CBC description.

How does the corporation define its worst problem? "At the end of a decade in which both the CRTC and the CBC have attempted to Canadianize the broadcasting system, there is more American programming available to Canadians than ever before and English-speaking Canadians are watching those programs more than ever." Solution: more money, please Mother Corp.

So cable TV is here to stay in a few years when we all have 40 channels to choose from, how many of us will watch the CBC? Will we still want to pay half a billion dollars every year for the privilege of watching a state-run broadcasting system? The CBC explains that "if Canadians are offered high quality Canadian programs that give them a greater sense of their country and of themselves, they will switch away from the American programs on a regular basis."

That is a desperate lie fed off on us by quaking corporate managers who

fear the very shadows. Having worked at the CBC as a producer of radio and television programs for seven years, I suggest that CBC upper management isn't aware of security with a positively personal fervor. Nowhere is the quarter-million words of puffery and sleazy self-justification in there as yet or little about bad management.

Every brewer of videotape, every floor director who has ever raised an acerbic eyebrow to the nose of Fred Flinn, anyone who has worked for the



CBC can tell you about "Crown corporate mentality." The symptoms are: impossible to perform, to do any job, to be efficient. CBC staffers happily refer to themselves as "idiots." Newsreaders are covered by their own stupidity that, short of being caught in an act of general congress with the Friendly Giant's staff, there is simply no way anyone can be fired.

Naturally such cynical attitudes contribute to Mother Corp.'s algal malaise. So too does the knee-deep in every underling soon picks up the leaves haven't a clue. Charles Lynch put it nicely: "The most expendable [CBC] people have no much money."

What does it cost us to have the CBC mismanaged? Last year, the Corp. itself confessed that managing expenditures were \$68 million, or 15 per cent of the total operating budget. Wagon out in mortal pain.

I have a suggestion. Programs are

judged. There are audiences and ratings. Producers, writers, technicians, and other creative personnel are judged by the programs they make. Why not judge and hold accountable for performance all of CBC management? For example, Jack Cruise is the director of English television programming. Cruise is responsible to a large degree for which new programs will get on the air. He has never himself made a TV program. Two values, really. Fresh as a virgin, Cruise has hoped to have his

do directly into TV program-planning with nary as much as a peck at a hen or a star-flier. He sits now in a broadcast office in Toronto, playing flash recordings on his stereo, his flunkies protected by squads of ladies, he runs his corporate life so that he has the least possible contact with creative people.

What I propose is a public evaluation of such isolated madmen. Was it Cruise or Herndorf who authorized the criticism for in *Minister Leno* "Who goes producer Lorne Michaels the bum's rush when he offered the CBC the outline of a show called 'Saturday Night Live' several years before 'SNL' bought it? It is an ordinary producer had been

dropped, he would be doing the weather forecast in Labrador.

I don't know whether the CBC can be saved. One could fire management upper management, bring in young people from the real business world, poured out the bulk of the program production lead to independent companies. At least, at small TV companies, if you keep turning out programs that no one will watch, you go out of business. I don't want to do this after actors, writers, directors, set designers? All that is for another day, when storms confine us to the earth.

One last guess from the CBC side: "The 'unforgettable' Canada/US 55 R hockey series" may have been the most absorbing television experience in Canadian history." Last year we gave the men who approved that statement half a billion dollars. Would you buy a new network from them?







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## Books

# The Clairtone debacle: too many political cooks

CLAIRTONE  
by Garth Frazier  
(McClelland and Stewart, \$19.95)

Remember Clairtone?

In the early '60s, it was a mark of distinction to have a Clairtone stereo in your home. And if you had a Clairtone Project II, that was really something—a sleek stereo console with speakers in the form of globes emitting sound around a 360-degree arc. Design was important to the success of Clairtone Sound Corporation, but so was its advertising strategy when the young and fly Toronto company introduced its product in the United States; its slogan became "Listen to Sinatra on Clairtone—Sinatra does."

Clairtone never doing fortuitously, in 1968, at the dawn of stereo-phonics sound and solid-state circuitry, by the end of 1969, its sales had reached \$25 million and its shares, first sold to the public in 1960 at \$2.75 each, had topped \$16. In that heady year Clairtone moved its production facilities to Port Huron, County of Nova Scotia, where it would be fed by tax incentives and other inducements from Premier Robert Stanfield's Crown corporation, Industrial Estates Limited. Part of the deal was that Clairtone would also begin the manufacture of high-quality color television sets.

Within three years of that ringing pledge, Clairtone shares were valueless. Nova Scotia taxpayers were left with a tab nearing \$80 million. Clairtone, purporting to explain what happened, doesn't, while Clairtone's founders Peter Monk and David Gilman provided material for Hopkins. Nova Scotia authorities did not, knowing that Hopkins was an associate of Monk and Gilman (clashes both the book and the publisher fail to disclose).

Clairtone is nevertheless an interesting read—not just another chronicle of founding dreams, but the story of a man whose mind and personality



Monk: an attractive portrait, few words

are mirrored, whose ambitions are as big as his ego. Choosing Monk is, and more he enjoys the quickness of the wealthy and famous, including Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, he's Nick Jagger's neighbor in London, he looks like Arab oil sheikhs.

The suspicion is that one of the reasons this book was written is that "Monk talks seriously of returning [to Toronto] someday to reestablish himself in the business community." If so, this book helps pave the way. Where the mystery lies in why such a play is necessary. Monk's good intentions have been doubted by some but never disproven. By reconstructing conversations, even divulging people's thoughts, Hopkins makes Monk human and even likable despite his rough appearance with unruly hair. Hopkins is also at pains to imply that Monk's "rather unenviable record"—a reference to Monk's actions and behavior while he was associated



with Clairtone—is not deserved.

All of the suggested reasons for Clairtone's failure in Nova Scotia are valid: the company, due to its rapid growth, was always in dire need of cash and the failure of color television to catch the public imagination in 1967 reduced critical corporate wounds. Just when Clairtone desperately needed more funds from Industrial Estates Limited, Monk lost his access to the sympathetic ear of Premier Stanfield, who was then appointing over his decision to seek the federal Conservative leadership. Most serious of all, Hopkins concludes, "the biggest and ultimately fatal (mis)management" was the first deal, so one could see—the political promises inside that

Lawrence fitting a glass in thanks for whisking this like herself, a new book.

bright, shiny package of goodness which had (Monk and Gilman) to Nova Scotia." The politicians and the bureaucrats held the purse strings, and in the end they determined Clairtone's fate.

Still, Monk and Gilman are not men to waste time in what might have been. After creating a successful resort in Fiji in the late '60s, they developed a sympathetic association with Egypt's Sadat. The object: to build a tourist haven in the shadow of the pyramids.

After the expenditure of several millions dollars by the Monk-Gilman team, Sadat pulled the plug on the deal in

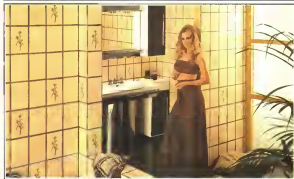
May. It's not likely to alter Hopkins' forecast for Monk and Gilman. "New projects may be hatching."

Alastair Dow

## A loaf of bread, the wine, and me

WHISTLEBLOW GIRL  
by Helen Lawrence  
(Clarke, \$16.95)

A few words on Helen Helen has already arranged an abundance of them herself in her latest book of memoirs, writing as her favorite subject—



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himself. There is no reason why *Whistling Girl* should not have been titled "It's of Helen Laurenceau."

A Vassar girl (and don't you forget it), Helen joined the legendary *Lettre Arc Loupy* lovers for *Esquire* in the '30s; for the same magazine, 40 years of wide experience later, she delivered a sociologist's account of a hitherto taboo subject—*A Fine World On Pelican*. Her editing and writing have been consistently high profile (*Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *Life*) and she helped found the famous left-wing jazz spot, Café Society Downtown, alumni of which included Billie Holiday and Joe Turner. Publishing mogul Condé Nast, a provider, hung around Helen, to whom he risked to be hitched. She's been the talk—and the tear—of the town, frequenting the top places with the top people.

Spelling of frequency, names are dropped in this book at the rate of one-fallen at the North Pole. "I was the first journalist: Yous Saint-Laurent ever invited to his home," she writes. How nice for you. How nice for Yous. How nice for everyone. "I look glumly in grey," she admits. It was difficult remembering not to send the Queen anything magnificent; now Helen might turn up her nose at a grey cardigan.

Setting the coals of her past with her reveries, Helen reawakens her Red Hot Mama persona, two decades ago in a box of

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

#### FICTION

1. *Chinook*, Michener (1)
2. *The Hallowed Covenant*, Latham (2)
3. *Sonnet*, Kravitz (2)
4. *Blindness*, Standen (3)
5. *The Human Factor*, Strauss (4)
6. *Kafka*, Vinter (5)
7. *The Snowflake*, Tucklow (6)
8. *Garden*, Morgan (6)
9. *The Mayor*, A. Revised Version, Pomeroy (7)
10. *Two Women*, Andersen (10)

#### NONFICTION

1. *The Complete Book of Hunting*, Fox (1)
2. *Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pit?*, Bonham (2)
3. *The Bendon Voyage*, Gervais (3)
4. *Trudeau*, Buchanan (4)
5. *Marjorie's Life*, Labovitz (6)
6. *Felling Your Own Shrimp*, Gyer (6)
7. *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady*, Hopkins (7)
8. *E.P. Taylor*, Sommer (8)
9. *My Mother, My Self: A Daughter's Search For Identity*, Friday (9)
10. *All of Baker's Children*, Kabanich

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# 'Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a colossus'

By Alan Fotheringham

There is a standard literary paper test. For any young Canadian journalist attempting to make a name in the most ego-odd business of all, if he wants to make it, he must—as a matter of faith—dunk all over the *Monet*, *nocturnal*, and *Monet* of Pierre Berton, the man who has enraged every self-respecting newspaperman in this country by walking away from the newsroom and the stale coffee and burnt-out editors and running so disparagingly to the top of the professional personality heap. Slip into any press club in the land and you can hear how Berton is overrated, the king of the royalties, derivative, grasping and guilty of a dozen other sins.

I know I was there. (A 1968 review of *The Snow Monster* "shakes, superficial, insulting to the intelligence.") I recognize the standard progression on Berton from awe to envy to resentment back across the spectrum to awe and then rage. This march, as the lady man's workaholic into the milestones of his 20th book in 36 years, it is appropriate to reveal the hidden secret in the devilish Berton. It is his dark past that forces him to become our most popular historian. With *The Wild Frontier*, he continues his relentless role of reddefining our history, probing the Canadian inferiority complex, and establishing Pierre Berton as a serious man. The reason, you see, is that Berton is trying to obliterate the first half of his life. The big gangling redhead, now progressed to knee-deep white, at 58 is almost seeking of respectability, guarded even by the mask of Keeper of the National Identity.

The transmigration of Pierre Berton, essentially, is a struggle for redemption, for approval by those he rejected him. There is the story of Berton, an overly flamboyant student journalist who landed in an essay at the University of British Columbia. A professor, with a little more grace than necessary, not only rejected it but read it, writing heavily across each and every

page "too journalistic." Years later, as managing editor of this here magazine, Berton reviewed a manuscript from some professor and joyfully scribbled in large rejection pencil across every page. "too academic."

There was the shameless Berton of treach out fame, almost a caricature out of *The Front Page*, in the 1940s period when shame was a paper's staple. Hal Straight, his managing editor at *The Vancouver Star*, says, "Berton had a marvelous *Acemick*. Fifteen minutes



before bedtime he would roar into the city room, babbling about this fantastic story. He'd sit down at his typewriter, inside pouring from it, copy boys ripping each take from him, we'd rush it up the tube to the composing room, wait breathlessly for the first edition to come down and we'd look at the last story he'd written. Nothing it was all *fall*." Jack Webster, the best reporter in the country wasted on radio and TV, says, "Berton taught me one thing: Never write a story before five minutes to noon. That was the only space left was page 1 and they had to put it there." The contrite Berton of later years, seeking redemption, has confessed, "Everything that was wrong with the newspaper business was wrong with me."

The series on which he made his national reputation, the mysterious Headless Valley in the Yukon where bodies supposedly disappeared, was largely

written before his sixtieth birthday in the remote valley nearly lost enough for a photographer to take the necessary on-the-spot photos. At a drunken farewell party at the Star, Pierre and wife Janet were strapped full-length onto stretchers, taken down elevators and rushed away in an ambulance with nurses screaming. The man is now married at his non-serious past.

That's okay. We're forgiven our sins. We can pass by the miserable appearance of a man who would name his children Penny, Pamela, Patricia, Peter, Paul, Peggy and Perry. Don't skip over the tendency to downplay the researchers who provide the content for his books.

In essence, it doesn't matter. The big guy—so shy and diffident among strangers, so overpoweringly egotistical among roasting buddies—in a pose, if only our natural wary could concede it. He has somehow retained that crucial shiver of all enthusiasts: A passionate nationalist is a land that dyes at both qualities. A guy who has the confidence to assert that he is old-fashioned and waste to preserve heritage buildings. The only high show his personality in the land who openly declares he is a socialist. A glib guy on civil liberties who offers to go into Quebec and break the law despite René Lévesque. An urban success story who had the wit to plant his sprawling family in Kitchburg, 48 miles outside Toronto, and pre-empt the flight to the suburbs. The latter serious guy who, in the hilarious charge of York University professor J. L. Granatstein, "consciously makes his work 'interesting'."

A vile charge indeed. Berton's father passed up a family spot at Queen's to pursue the 1886 gold rush to the Yukon, where Pierre was born. Has not the pitiful journalist, in fact, become a teacher to the country? Vancouver Sun publisher Stu Keate has suggested in fact that Berton might be worthy of an honorary degree among the obscure chroniclers and fly poets. The academic snobs have had the final victory. They reject him. He has a handicap. He's normal!



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